THE SPHERE

Vol. CXXXIII. No. 1734

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC

APRIL 15, 1933

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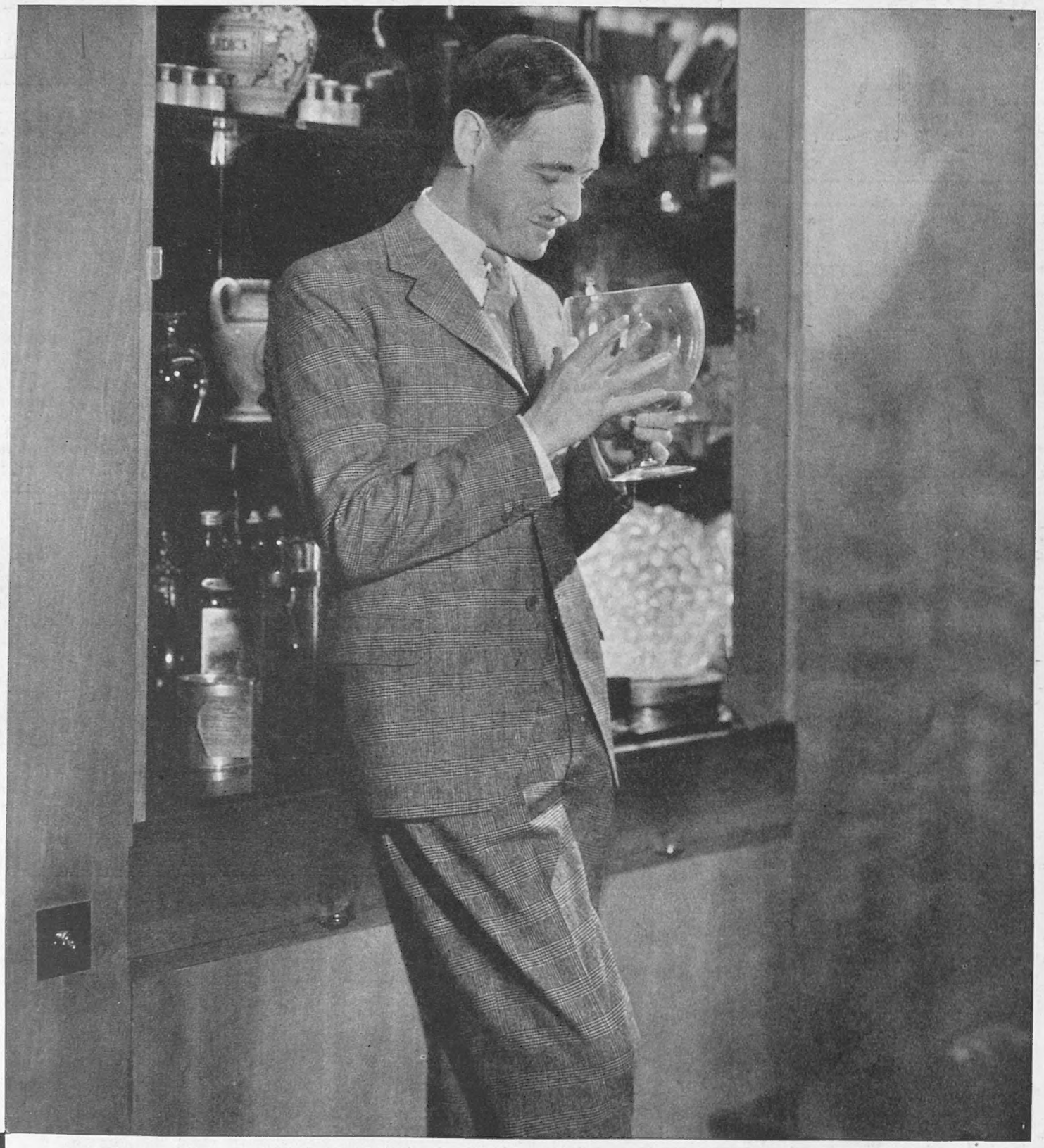

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NEW TAILORING

Austin Reed

OF REGENT STREET

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AUSTIN REED LTD. LONDON

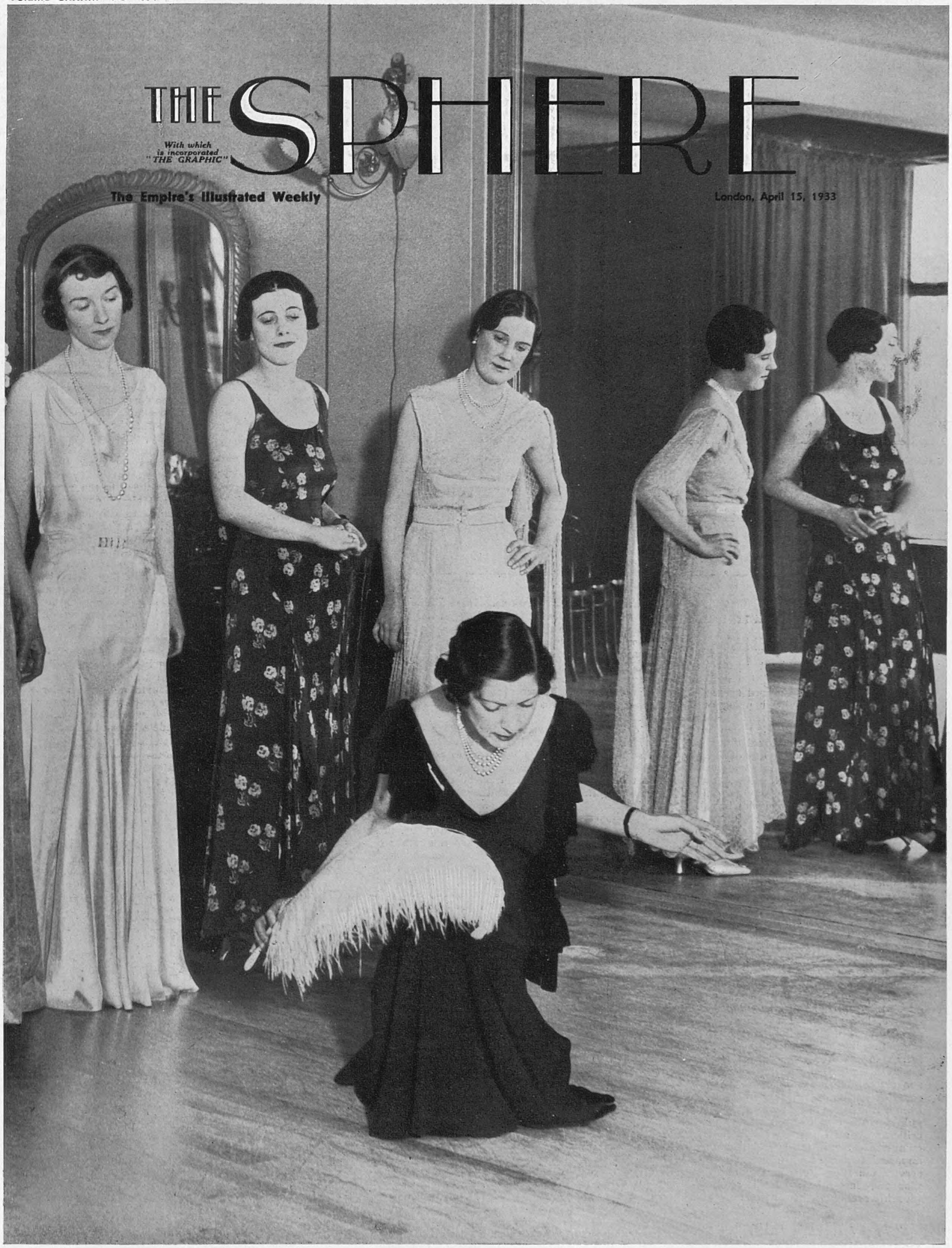
P.543

THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, April 15, 1933



THE LONDON SEASON APPROACHES

Debutantes Practise the Curtsy in Preparation for the Royal Courts in May

There are to be five Courts this year on May 11, 12, 17, 18, and on June 23, and many hundreds of debutantes are now practising deportment in readiness for that all-important appearance before the King and Queen. The moment may be but a fleeting one, and the waiting for it almost too exciting for full enjoyment, but there is not a debutante who is not anxious to obtain perfection in the art of the curtsy. Our picture this week shows Miss Muriel Simmons' School in Regent Street where numerous young ladies who are to be presented at the May Courts are receiving instruction. With the first Court the London Season will once again be in full swing, and those who are being presented are looking forward to the brilliant dances that go to make up the social round, and the delights, for the first time, of the Royal Enclosure at Ascot

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2½d.

CHELSEA GOES TO KEW: Now that the gardens are looking their best it seems, on the brightest days, that there is hardly a corner of the grounds where the artist is not attempting to convey the glory of Spring to canvas and sketching board. This lady is sketching the magnolia blooms, which are particularly lovely this year. The soil at Kew is evidently unusually conducive to their growth, for these famous North American trees are said to grow more prolifically here than anywhere else in the country

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, April 12, 1933.

THE IMPERIAL BENEFACTRESS.—The triumphant result of the Houston Everest Expedition makes it interesting to set on record some of the munificent and varied benefactions of a remarkable woman. Lady Houston is a philanthropist of catholic tastes, but I believe that every individual gift, big or small (if you can call any of them small) is weighed with infinite care and fits into a rigidly planned policy. She is catholic in her benefactions only because her plan is imperially broad. I should judge her to be an uncompromising imperialist; her ideal is to conserve a strong and united British Empire, and in her view the only sane way to go about it is to support and encourage the genius, initiative, and daring of our race and to keep up to the necessary standard of efficiency an army, navy, and air force capable of protecting our far-flung possessions, ensuring our food supplies, safeguarding our trade, and enforcing our conception of international justice. Her latest benefaction, the Everest flight, fitted precisely into this broad conception. So, if her benefactions are diverse, her plan is concrete and the professional begging letter writer has found her barren ground for his carefully planted seeds. Very much a business woman, she is frank and outspoken to bluntness on occasion, and some of her most princely offers have been misunderstood by those who would gulp down her money but strain at her criticisms. Half-heartedness in policy, compromise, and the middle course, apparent instances of injustice to ex-servicemen or discouragement to pioneers, instantly awake her championship and excite her criticisms.

"A LITTLE LIST."—The most thin-skinned and timorous of statesmen must pay homage to the munificence and shrewdness of her benefactions, if sometimes they find too fiery for their palates the spirit in which those gifts are sent. Here follows a partial list:

	£
"An act of grace to the nation"	1,500,000
To distant relations of her husband	250,000
St. Thomas' Hospital	100,000
Schneider Trophy	100,000
Offered "to be applied to our fighting forces"	200,000

These are some major donations. Here follow a few smaller gifts, to illustrate the catholicity of her tastes:

To the "Man who ended the War"	£5,000
Ulster Tourist Trophy	1,500
Botanical Garden	3,000
Maternity and Child Welfare	10,000
Liverpool Cathedral	10,000
Christian Protest Movement	11,000
Ross malaria archives	2,000
Mrs. Hinchliffe	100

Those of us who, however, found the spirit in which Lady Houston despatches her gifts too strong for our weak stomachs should be the first to acknowledge her public-spirited desire to help the country and to admit that she is not that type of capitalist who brings the capitalist system into disrepute.

EASTER.—If Easter fall late, as all self-respecting Easters should, the Easter holiday, first of the year, is also the best. It has a number of advantages over all its rivals, tremendous advantages. Easter marks the end of winter, opens the door to the easy half of the year; it is the season of renaissance for Nature and the spirit, and it is natural for Hope to unfold with the beech leaves. At Easter, and at no other holiday season, everything carries the thrill of newness, and life for once is an adventure. The green is never so green again, the sunshine is never so welcome, the flowers of June have not the maiden modesty and pure delight of the primroses and daffodils, and the cuckoo—if it comes to that—grows tiresome in May. In April one by one the migrant birds return and are welcomed individually. In May they are but units in a chorus, and before summer is well settled in that chorus dies away to nothing. Because, eternally, it is better to travel hopefully than to arrive, the threshold of summer is better than summer itself.

WHERE SHALL WE GO?—It is but a little island. We spend much of our time deploring that it is become mostly nests of petrol stations and hideous bungalows, one continuous suburbia of bad taste and gimcrack construction. But the truth is, it is only a ribbon development. Half the motorists of this country (thank God) have "never learned to stray" a hundred yards from their cars or a mile off the main roads. England is still an *île inconnue*, and I will not disclose its *intimate* secrets even for fine gold. But if you hesitate where to drive this Easter and would venture even a little off the grand trunk roads, I will offer you a choice of itineraries. The first rule of wisdom is: seek the early Spring in Warwickshire. It was a secret let out by William Shakespeare. The first and best fruits of Spring are found in Warwickshire. Make for Oxford, Kenilworth, Warwick, and Stratford before the Festival starts. Here is another suggestion: Newbury, Marlborough, Calne, Lacock Village, Corsham, Bath, Wells, Wookey Hole, and thence (by the Hill Road) to Cheddar Gorge and back by Glastonbury. Savernake is best in autumn, but it is good enough in Spring. Those who have never seen Lacock, Bath, Wells and its glories, and Cheddar's wonderful gorge have a great experience before them. And the caves are something better than a vulgar peepshow, especially Wookey's Hole. Or there is the road to South Wales and the valleys of the Usk and Wye, by Burford, Gloucester (what a road for speeding!), Chepstow, Tintern, Raglan, Monmouth, and (why not?) on to the Cathedral of St. David, at the World's End, and hidden from your sight even when you reach that Ultima Thule. My discovery of St. David's is marked with a white chalk in my list of experiences. In this brief itinerary there is enough for a glutton who has a palate as well as a stomach. Or there is—but no, I will not invite you to explore the area where I live. You have found your way here already.

N.P.G.—I don't know how many dozens of stolen half-hours I have passed in the National Portrait Gallery—more, I fear, than in its greater neighbour's galleries. One is urged to the former by entirely different motives. There are some good and a very few great pictures at N.P.G., but there are also a great number of poor ones, and it is always my hope that if they are inferior as works of art they have merit as likenesses. It is the likenesses which matter to me in that gallery. I go there to make history live for me, and confess an insatiable curiosity to learn what the interesting men and women I read about were like. And there is another urge, my interest in the force of heredity. It excites me to note that four centuries cannot kill the facial characteristics handed down by some dominant ancestor. That Cavendish jowl, that Cecil air of gentle wisdom, the Guelph eye, the Stuart frailty, the distinction of the Russells. It amuses me to identify the Elizabethans by their living descendants. The present policy of the trustees, as exemplified in the new extension which His Majesty opened, is to give preference to original work over copies. Thus, if a donor offers the choice of a sketch in pencil or a good copy of a fine oil portrait, the former is preferred. The policy is no doubt sound; it adds to the merit and interest of the collection as works of art though it might produce a rather ragged appearance, since the portraits must be grouped on a basis of dates and not of artistic media. It is pleasant to welcome home to the new extension a number of old portraits which have for long been stored in cellars or banished from the public gaze on loan and to welcome a fair number of interesting new acquisitions among the new entry. Lord Duveen's new gallery has certainly made a hopeful start.

POINT-TO-POINTING IN YORKSHIRE: Mrs. Robert Hoare's hunter, Orphan, ridden by Miss Malise Wilson, being led into the unsaddling enclosure after winning the Ladies' Open Nomination Race at the Holderness Hunt Point-to-Point at Nunburnholme, Yorkshire. Miss Graham beat Lady Harrington's Killadar, ridden by the owner, by six lengths

THE SOVIET PRISONERS.

—I am wax in the hands of a clever lawyer. The subtle, legal mind of Sir John Simon can convince me of almost anything it desires. But even Sir John did not wholly convince me that I was wrong when I commented a week or two ago on this page that our original protest against the arrest of the British engineers seemed premature. It was unnecessary for Sir John or anyone else to try to convince Englishmen that our Government is right in taking all steps to safeguard from injustice or oppression our nationals in foreign countries. That is an article of our creed, a principle to which every Englishman subscribes. And few of us deplore the measure hurried through Parliament which gives the Government powers to put the economic screw on the Soviet Government if it deserve a severe lesson. But what Sir John has not explained to me is the clear logic of our attitude towards Russia before the event. It is freely admitted that the legal systems of nations differ in material degrees. It is fairly admitted that foreigners must obey the laws of the country in which they are residing. Any Government may arrest and try foreigners whom it suspects of breaking its laws. But when we made our first protest within a few hours of learning of the arrest of our nationals, what was our justification for assuming that the Soviet Government had committed or contemplated committing an action not in accord with the ideas of international justice and of civilization? If at that time we regarded the Soviet Government as outside the pale of civilization we have obviously suspected them of barbarism for some considerable time. How then can we justify having repeatedly endeavoured to conclude commercial relations with a country whom we suspected of being incapable of dealing with us or with any other nation according to the canons of justice and honour demanded in intercourse between civilized countries? I am left perplexed, left indeed with the feeling that our instantaneous protest against the arrests proves the utter and wilful recklessness of our post-War commercial negotiations with Russia. In a word, our official actions over these arrests are a damning proof (if proof were needed) that our policy towards the Soviet has for years been conducted on no sure or logical basis. We have been gambling in the vague hope of making a *coup*.

BRITISH MOSLEMS MEET AT WOKING: A scene during the festival of Eid-ul-Azha, which commemorates the end of the thirty days' fast of Ramadan, and which was celebrated last week at Woking Mosque. The Imam is seen speaking to his congregation, who have discarded their boots and shoes during the service in accordance with Moslem custom

WHAT MATTERS?

—Great are the difficulties which face Roosevelt—the only man who matters in America to-day — in his effort to purge, purify, and stabilize that great and distressed country, and to enlarge the political outlook of half her citizens. Mr. Roosevelt—brave as he is—must still guard his tongue and check his words as he strives to drive home the tremendous lesson that America is vitally concerned in the European tangle, and cannot exist while the nations of Europe are bound in fetters. As Roosevelt's trusted agent, Mr. Norman Davis is in Europe as the eyes and ears and mouthpiece of the President, and his coming was a direct step in an undertaking entered into by Roosevelt before he assumed office; that despite the thousand and one domestic problems which would occupy him fully from the first days of his Presidency, he would obtain first-hand information of the individual needs and difficulties of European nations in order that he could take an informed and sympathetic part in the World Economic Conference and its most vital item, War Debts. It is natural, therefore, that the great European nations chiefly concerned have accorded Mr. Davis the deference and attention due to a Plenipotentiary of tremendous import and authority.

. . .

And, before he left us, Mr. Davis dropped a special message in Mr. MacDonald's ear. No one could expect Mr. Roosevelt (if he might) to quit the White House in times so critical, but he feels none the less that it is vital that he and Mr. MacDonald should meet. Our Mahomet, therefore, is hurrying to the Mountain; our Flying Dutchman, our Wandering Jew, our first Commercial Traveller, our Premier-Bagman is off again, like another Charles II, on his travels. Mr. MacDonald, at least, practises the lesson he has preached, that the cure of our domestic evils lies far beyond the village pump. England has been variously governed in its time. From Rome; for short periods from Normandy and from Holland and from Hanover; from Whig country houses, from Downing Street. Now she is experiencing government from liners, airliners, and express trains. Mr. MacDonald will go down to history as the Premier with the highest mileage. I believe he enjoys a roving commission, but it is circumstance and not inclination which has made him an absentee Premier. He cannot afford to neglect the chance which this visit to the States may hold out when six great Powers meet. He is committed to the wandering life.

BEYOND THE PALE.

—There are still a few places on this little earth where the morning paper does not arrive with breakfast, fewer still to which the voice of the announcer does not punctually penetrate with the latest gloomy news bulletin. And idly I wondered what life is like in such blessed plots, if such there be. For we in the heart of civilization are growing sick to obsession with our half-dozen major problems which never advance and never disappear. World economics, disarmament, Germany, Japan, taxation, tariffs, gold standard. They never vary. Every night, for God knows how many months and years, these subjects have filled the bill of news-pages and bulletins, and only the order of precedence has temporarily varied. It seems like a fairy story that here on this little ball to-day there is a blessed remnant which goes about its labours hearing only very rarely of the vague troubles of Europe and America. If emigration were on the tapis to-day, what an impetus would the state of the older civilization give to emigration by the best class of colonist. Colonization is not quite at a standstill. By twos and threes lucky adventurers still slip quietly away from the queues and the crises to do what their happier forbears did, to labour with their hands the thing that is good, far beyond these voices where alone there is peace. I drifted into a building in the Haymarket the other day where a film is sometimes shown depicting life in one of these rare nature reserves of that hunted-to-death animal, Man.

LORD ASHFIELD, Chairman and Managing Director of the London Underground Railways, whose appointment is foreshadowed as the first Chairman of the London Passenger Transport Board, the body which is to exercise control over the transport agencies in the London area

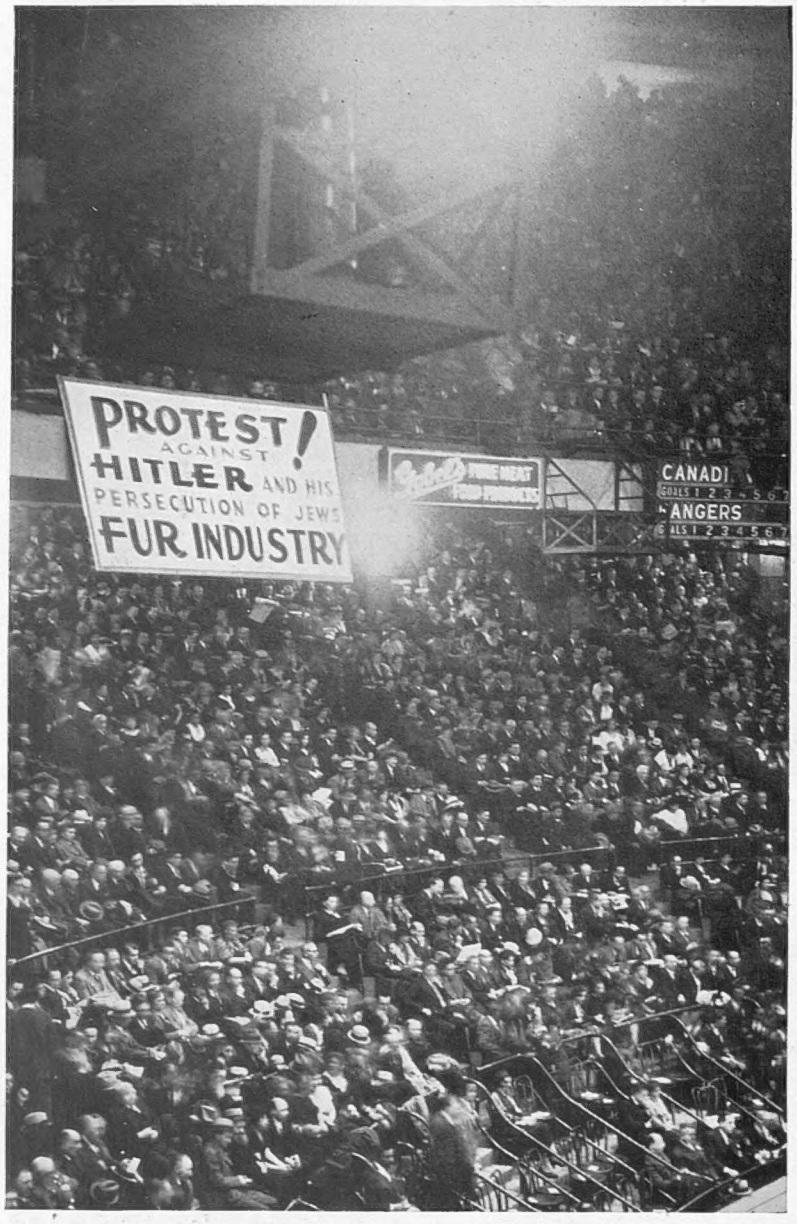
ELDORADO.

—It was the discovery and brain-wave of Mr. A. J. Schwelm, and lies in the forest regions of Misiones on the Parana River. The nearest town is 130 miles away. Mr. Schwelm some years ago dreamed of colonizing a land where nature did nine-tenths of the work, and the sweat and genius of the farmer but one-tenth (instead of vice-versa, as in our outworn lands). So he bought a little parcel of 150,000 acres and called it hopefully "Eldorado." His creed was that wherever water, fire, timber, and plentiful subsistence are found in a healthy climate and beside a natural waterway, a man may dare the responsibilities of colonization. In Eldorado fresh water is in abundance for drinking and for irrigation, the forests supply 30 tons per acre of firewood, and there needs to be firewood "to burn" for the roasting of yerba, the staple crop of Argentine tea. The timber is admirable for building purposes, and in the abundance of its natural food supplies it is the land of milk and honey. The soil, it seems, is the farmer's dream soil. It does not need to be manured once in a century, nor to be ploughed more than once in four years. But I am not here to boost this or any other colonization scheme. There have been many private and semi-public ventures, and most of them sing loud and long to collect a crowd at first. I do here but set down that the literature of this Misiones colonization scheme brought me to the realization of the insufferable claustrophobia of our civilization; it voiced the longing that half of us subconsciously feel to-day to break away "from a world grown old and cold and weary"; to "leave the sick hearts whom honour could not move"; to get back to real and not faked nature.

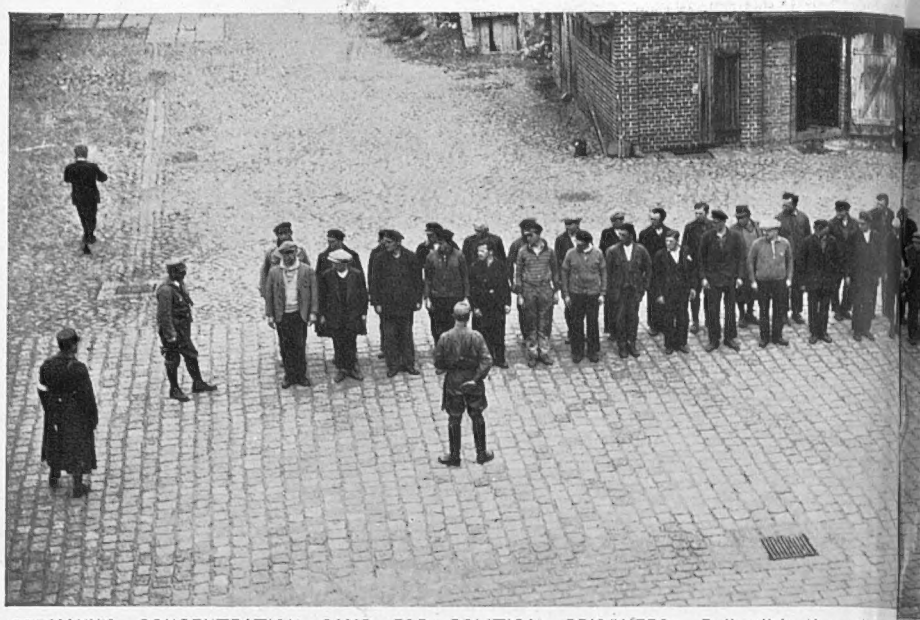
THE OLD STAGER

WHO'S WHO IN THE PRAMS: Mrs. Woolf Barnato, wife of the racing motorist and sportsman, enjoys the brilliant Spring weather with her son in Hyde Park. On page 103 of this issue we reproduce a series of pictures of charming children of well-known parents caught by the camera during their morning visit to the Park

NEWS FROM THE N

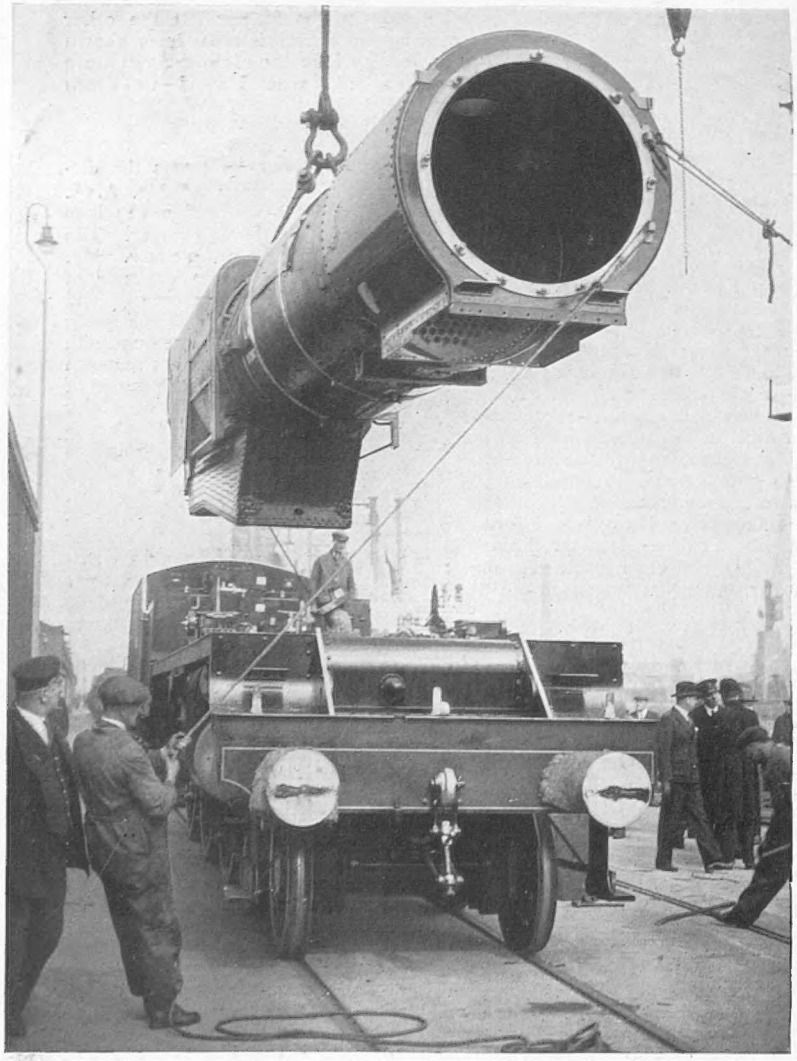


AMERICA PROTESTS: Madison Square Garden, New York's famous sporting arena, was packed to capacity some days ago when 40,000 people joined in an anti-Hitler demonstration. Notable speakers of many creeds addressed the meeting



GERMANY'S CONCENTRATION CAMP FOR POLITICAL PRISONERS: Roll-call in the prison Havel river some 18 miles north-west of Berlin, where the Nazi Government has incarcerated Although discipline is naturally severe it is not a real penal camp, as the prisoners are in addition to the usual fatigue duty and drill

THE MILK WAR IN NEW YORK STATE: Farmers at Rochester, N.Y., dissatisfied with the their milk, have refused to supply retailers and are attempting to prevent other States highways. A New York State trooper is seen defending a delivery van as it

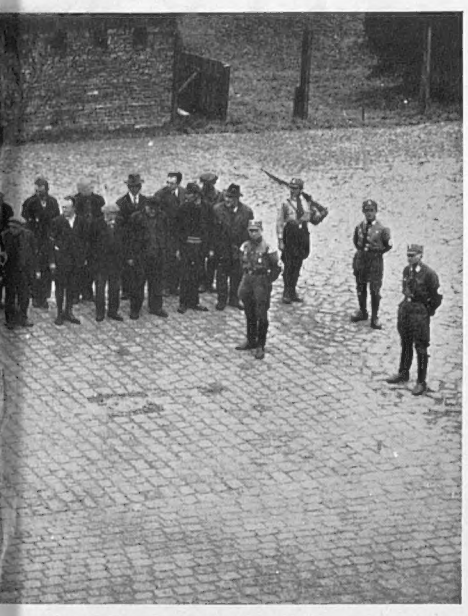


THE ROYAL SCOT OFF TO THE WORLD'S FAIR: How the L.M.S. Railway's famous engine was loaded on to the Canadian Pacific Liner *Beaverdale* last week for shipment to America. The engine was completely dismantled, and the boiler and tender shipped as separate units. It will be a prominent exhibit at the forthcoming Chicago World's Fair

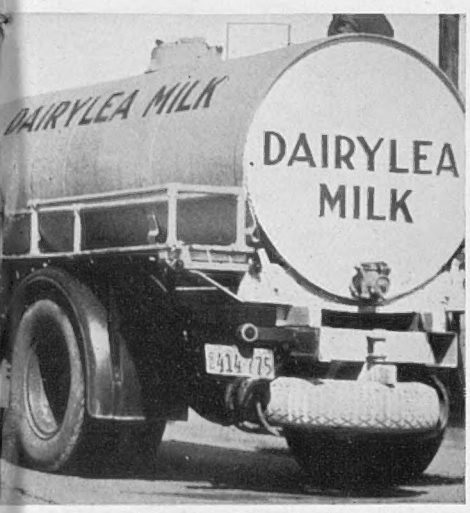
BACK TO REAL BEER: Malt storage tanks in an American brewery where, following the legalization of beer manufacture, production is now in full swing. The gangster, with his adulterated mixture at 25 cents a glass, is already finding in the new 5 cent beer a serious check to his ambitions

THE PRINCES IN THE
the ex-Crown Prince o
with his cousin, Prince
is the first member o
the War. He is

EW AND OLD WORLDS



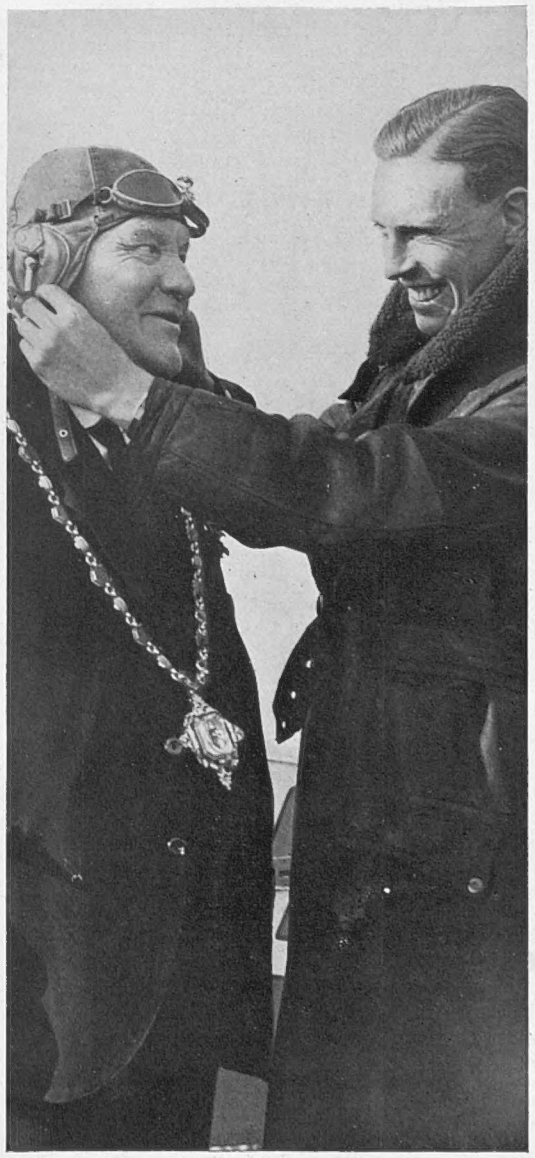
yard at Oranienburg, the little town on the those who have openly defied the new regime. allowed to organize sports among themselves



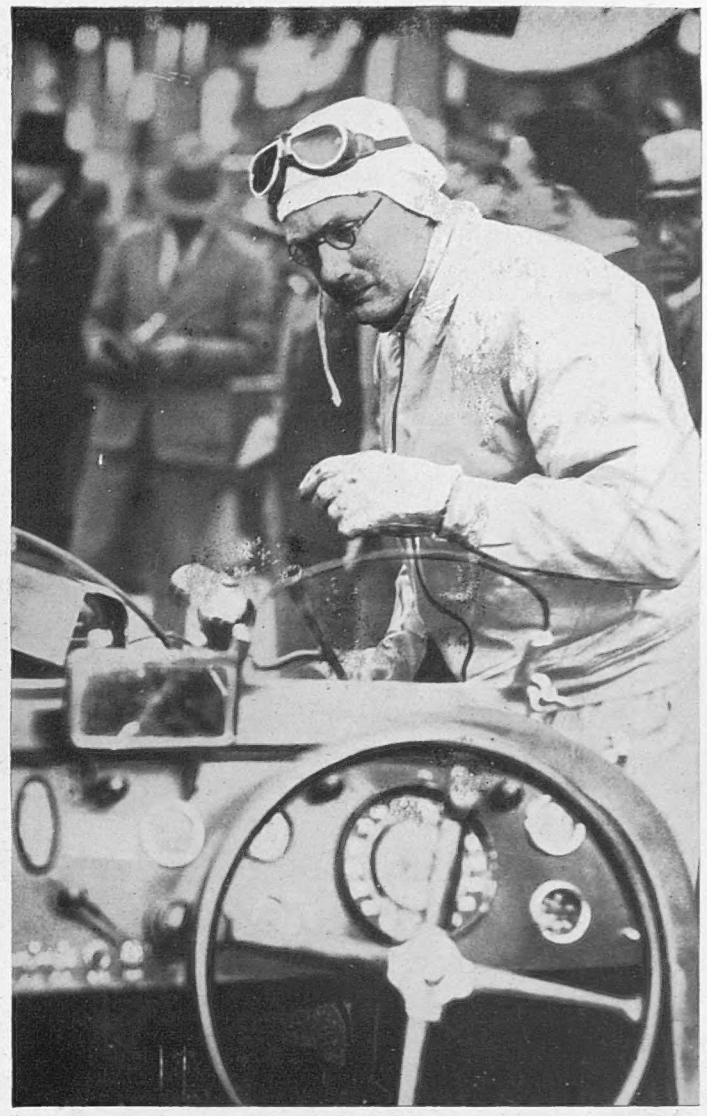
inadequate prices they have been receiving for from meeting the demand by blocking the main proceeds through the picketed area

TOWER: Prince Hubertus, who is the son of Prussia, pays a visit to the Tower of London Friedrich of Mecklenburg-Schwerin. The Prince the German Royal Family to visit England since making a round of the sights

G. B. S. AT THE GOLDEN GATE: Mr. Shaw honours the microphone with a few precious examples of his Shavian humour before leaving San Francisco by air for Mr. Randolph Hearst's ranch



LONDON AND MARGATE AIR SERVICE OPENED: The Mayor of Margate has his helmet adjusted before making a trial flight following his reception of the first 'plane on the new service. The journey from London takes only thirty-five minutes



BRITAIN'S LIGHT CAR TRIUMPH IN ITALY: Captain George Eyston with his 12-h.p. M.G. Magnette in which he won first place in his class in last Sunday's 1,000-mile road race through Italy. Earl Howe took the second prize

FROM CHARTERHOUSE SQUARE TO SANDY LODGE: Owing to the removal of the Merchant Taylors' School from London to Hertfordshire, Messrs. Waring and Gillow have had the delicate task of transferring the statue of Sir Thomas White, who founded the school in 1561. It is one of the school's most precious possessions

THE JEW

A Review of Jewry the World in Great

By W.

INTERCEDING FOR THEIR SUFFERING GERMAN BRETHREN: This remarkable study in religious fervour was obtained at a prayer meeting in New York, one of the many services held throughout the country in protest against the Nazi Government's recent actions

The boycott of the Jews in Germany on Saturday, April 1, was officially declared by the German authorities to be highly successful. If it hadn't been, there would have been a repetition of the boycott—as advertised—on the following Wednesday. That was found unnecessary.

Why?

Was it that Hitler's advisers, who have their ears to the ground, heard "money talking" beneath the ground?

Was it that he realized that Western European civilization, and civilization in America, had suddenly made up its mind that, whatever his quarrel with the Jews, he had gone too far? That, in the name of sixty million Germans, Herr Hitler should be making war on a handful of Jews was not quite cricket?

But if he had gone a little too far, Hitler's hatred of the Jews was in no way abated. He forthwith issued an edict against the killing of cattle and poultry in the orthodox Kosher fashion. He excused that edict on the grounds that the Jewish method of killing involved great cruelty. That was clever, because there is a good deal to be said on that point. It is a point, however, which must be argued later. Perhaps, as things are going, it will be argued all over the world.

Meantime, one has to consider what the effect of the edict will be. And it will be world-wide. What it means to the orthodox Jew in Germany is this. He has been forced into vegetarianism. It involves a sudden and complete change of diet. It is a change which men and women in their prime might find inconvenient and even debilitating. It is an edict, however, which hits at growing children and at invalids, and at the old and the infirm. It is a matter which will be debated by every Jew, no matter where.

I hold no brief for the Jews, but I do hold a brief for my stomach; and I wonder what would happen if, supposing some Dictator leapt into the saddle here to-morrow, it were suddenly enacted that every man, woman, and child in Great Britain were doomed to vegetarianism; or if the working man had to go without his beer; or children without their milk?

And this virtually is what Hitler's new ukase has meant for the Jews in Germany; and its repercussions will go round the world. And I am convinced that the subtle cruelties of it will presently find him out. On the other hand, attention may be drawn to a matter in ordinary humanitarianism and may have little sympathy for the Jews.

Jewry in America grew frantic over the boycott. A campaign was started for the collection of funds to fight anti-Semitism. Jewry in London, however, took the matter quite calmly. In London the Foreign Committee of the Board of Deputies of British Jews advised against reprisals. And the Foreign Committee is a wise body. It is curious to think that it is almost continuously in session the year through, and that in this year of grace, A.D. 1933—that is, in the Christian calendar—its main function is to consider what shall be done in the matter of the persecution of the Jews. For it seems—and this may be enlightening to some of us Christians—that the persecution of the Jews practically never ceases somewhere in the world from year's end to year's end.

True, the common people of Jewry did not wholly subscribe to the decision of the Foreign Committee. In Whitechapel, in that queer little ghetto round Wardour Street, in Poplar, and in other places where Jews mostly abound, there appeared a spate of unauthorized placards which read: "Boycott German Goods. Buy British."

That was, perhaps, an answer to the boycott notices which were posted in Jewish shops throughout Germany. And it is a curious fact, which no English newspaper has yet investigated, that these notices in the German shops were printed not only in German but in English.

But the boycott business was one thing and this anti-Kosher crusade is another. Already it is being debated by Jewry round the globe. It is regarded as a subtle poison for the slow destruction of the Jew.

We will return to that in due course. The main consideration for the moment is what has inspired in Hitler this systematized, and at times almost maniacal, hatred of the Jew.

It is due, of course, in part to tradition and to teaching. The tradition of Germany as the land of the War Gods. The teaching of Nietzsche, with his gospel of the Nordic "Blonde Beast" and his creed of "Frightfulness." And Treitschke, with his flaming propaganda for the revival of a German Empire from the Baltic to Rome. In fact, just that sheer, swaggering, imperialistic Germanism which brought Kaiserism to *Der Tag*.

That was the beginning of it. And since the War Hitler's words and actions have never been in doubt. Eight years ago he wrote a book which he called *My Fight*. In that he vented all his spleen against the Jew. Here is a typical passage:

"It is the object of the Jews to hurl the white race from its culture and political heights and climb as usurpers into its place."

As to what Hitler proposed to do about these things there can be no doubt. One has only to consult paragraphs 4, 5, and 6 of the official Nazi programme.

Here are these paragraphs:

(4) Only members of the nation may be citizens. Only those of German blood, whatever their religion, can be members. Therefore, no Jew can be a member of the nation.

(5) Whoever is not a citizen shall be allowed to live in Germany only as a visitor, and must be subject to the law affecting foreigners.

(6) The right to decide as to the leadership and laws of the State may pertain only to citizens. Therefore we are determined that every public office, whatever its nature, whether Reich, State, or Council, shall be occupied only by a citizen.

World Jewry

Abyssinia	50,000
Afghanistan	18,135
Algeria	70,271
Arabia	25,000
Argentine	100,000
Australasia	19,415
Austria	350,000
Azerbarian	25,000
Belgium	44,000
Brazil	3,000
Bulgaria	40,000
Canada	150,000
Central Lithuania	96,000
Chili	3,300
China	1,000
Cuba	4,000
Curaçoa	558
Cyprus	110
Czechoslovakia	368,970
Danzig	3,000
Denmark	5,164
Egypt	50,000
Esthonia	7,500
Far Eastern Republic	60,000
Finland	2,000
Fiume	1,000
France	150,000
Georgia	25,000
Germany	540,000
Gibraltar	1,300
Great Britain	297,000
Greece	88,300
Hong Kong	150
Hungary	498,913
India	20,980
Italy	57,000

JEWISH CHILDREN eating unleavened bread during the annual festival of the Passover. It is one of the oldest recurrent festivals of the race and during the passage of time has become intimately associated with the Feast of Unleavened Bread

JEWISH REMEMBRANCE DAY AT THE CENOTAPH: A reminder to the world of the heroic part played by many of the Jews during the Great War

JUDÆA DECLARES WAR: The striking notices shown by many London Jews on Saturday, April 1—the day of the Hitler boycott

TO-DAY

Over, and of Its Happy Position Britain

HOLT WHITE

That is Herr Hitler. His treatment of "visitors' to Germany is somewhat curious. But then we have Captain Goering, his henchman, who, in view of the events of the past week or so, has said that nobody has lost his place because he was a Jew, but because he was a Socialist.

Still more curious, because the Nazis are Socialists.

THE GERMAN JEWISH SITUATION: Prominent London Jews seen at a recent Press conference at Commercial Road Talmud Torah, where the British Jewish policy in relation to Chancellor Hitler's boycott was explained to members of the Press

MR. NEVILLE LASKI, K.C., addresses the Jewish Board of Deputies in London during a protest meeting against Germany's attitude towards the race

SEARCHING THE SCRIPTURES: Rabbis in America engaged on a rule of conduct, search the scriptures

THE DAY OF ATONEMENT: The annual Jewish Festival of Yom Kippur celebrated in a London Synagogue. This day is one in the cycle of holidays instituted by Moses, and is distinguished by abstinence from food on the part of worshippers. This year the festival takes place on September 21 and 22

It was the Jew, according to Hitler who "stabbed Germany in the back" by engineering the Revolution of 1918, when Germany was in defeat, and setting up the hated Weimar Constitution. It was the Jew who introduced Democracy to Germany. Was not Karl Marx a Jew? Did not the whole hideous structure of Bolshevism rest on Jews? Was it not the Jews who throughout Germany's troubled post-War history had insisted on, and finally convinced the world of, Germany's war-guiltiness?

Upon the last — though so well-proven—Hitler wound himself up into paroxysms of neurasthenic fury. To cap all, he started a raging, tearing campaign to prove Germany's "War Innocence."

Everywhere, argued Hitler, the Jews were working against the Fatherland. And International Jewish finance was at the root of all Germany's evils. He carefully ignores the fact that money which should have been paid in reparations was sunk in factories and buildings which no creditor could remove, and that after that, money advanced to Germany to enable her to stagger on was passed on to Russia at a higher rate of interest than that on which it had been loaned. But if that were done, it could only have been done through the instrumentality of International Jewish financiers resident in Germany.

Do those romantic individuals really exist? It is just possible that they do exist. It is just possible that Herr Hitler heard their money talking when he called off the Wednesday boycott. But if they do exist, then this last anti-Kosher edict of Hitler's is going to reverberate among the Jews round the world.

Jamaica	1,250
Japan	1,000
Latvia	100,000
Lithuania	240,000
Malta	35
Mesopotamia	87,488
Mexico	8,972
Morocco	100,000
Netherlands	106,409
Norway	1,000
Palestine	81,263
Persia	40,000
Poland	3,716,010
Portugal	1,000
Rumania	950,000
Russia (in Europe):	
North, Central and East	127,423
West	348,313
White	206,921
Ukraine	2,375,000
Saar	5,000
Serb-Croat-Slovene	64,159
Serbia	40,000
Spain	4,000
Straits Settlement	535
Surinam (Dutch Guinea)	778
Syria	20,500
Sweden	6,112
Switzerland	20,955
Tripoli	12,000
Tunis	50,465
Turkestan	40,000
Turkey in Asia	78,000
Turkey in Europe	80.000
U.S.A.	3,300,000
Uraguay	150
Venezuela	411

Now what are the numbers of the Jews and where do they abide?

I now come to a personal note, but it may be excused because it is illuminating. Until I set out to investigate this matter I was in complete ignorance as to the number of Jews in the world. I knew such places before the War as what were then St. Petersburg, Moscow, Berlin, Vienna, New York. And they seemed to be swarming with Jews. And since the War their numbers seem to have increased —especially in London. Is it because the Jewish face is so distinctive?

It may be that. Certainly until three days ago I was persuaded that the world was swarming with Jews. I could have guessed their number at 300,000,000 or 400,000,000 or more. Now I know better. Now I know that the total number of Jews in the world is round about 15,000,000—the population, that is to say, of London, outer London, and a portion of the Home Counties.

And it is on account of this bagatelle that the world is set by the ears. And, more staggering than any other fact in the whole business, is that all this to-do in Germany, with its population of 60,000,000, concerns 500,000 of the hated race.

Here is a table which shows how the Jews are distributed over various countries. It is not up to date. It is taken from the Jewish Year Book of 1929, but they are the latest statistics available. In the case of London and New York it is agreed that there are now more Jews than are shown in the following figures. On the other hand, having regard to the proportion of the adult population of Jews, the increase throughout the world cannot have been very heavy during the past three or four years.

This is a table which will probably astonish quite a number of people. And when it comes down to a question of towns, people will probably be more astonished still.

Since the statistics already given were compiled, it is probable that America now harbours 4,000,000 Jews. Of these upwards of one-third—1,500,000—are concentrated in New York. No one, of course, has ever heard of anti-Semitism in New York, which rather supports the argument which has been advanced by so many Jews during the past few days, that the Jews are only attacked where they are weak.

Aberdeen? That no Jew can live in Aberdeen is a standard joke. All I can say is that the official records cannot show one Jew to be a resident of the Granite City. But in Edinburgh there are 2,000. Which may account for Aberdeen's opinion of Edinburgh.

Of the 300,000 Jews—this is a revised estimate of the figures for 1929—who now inhabit Great Britain, there are probably about 175,000 in London. This is a matter to which we will come directly. The main point to be borne in mind at the moment is the fact that, whereas one normally imagines Germany to be so Jew-ridden, there are not more than 500,000 Jews to be accounted for. Of that 500,000, upwards of 140,000 are domiciled in Berlin.

I went out to discover the truth. I put questions frankly to a number of Jews in important positions.

They said, for one thing, that no country could be great in commerce, literature, or art, or music, or, indeed, in any culture which was without the leavening of the Jew which leavened the whole lump. They said that earnestly, these keen-eyed, well-tailored, courteous, and polished young men, and there is no doubt in my own mind that they believed every word of it. Of one thing I am completely convinced. They said this because they were certain and sure of the shelter which England gave them. And they loved England for that shelter. And Jew after Jew I met in positions of authority had fought for England in the Great War.

(Cont. on p. 108)

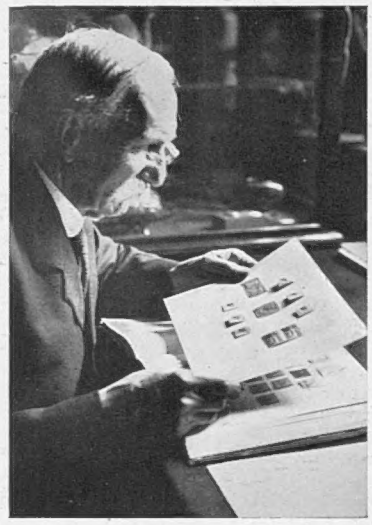
NUPTIALS AND NOTABILITIES

AN EDINBURGH EVENT: The Hon. Pamela Balfour, elder daughter of Lord and Lady Kinross, after her marriage to Mr. Humphrey Scott-Plummer at St. Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh, last week

A WEDDING OF THE WEEK: Mr. J. W. Robertson and Miss Helen Milne Home, daughter of the late Colonel Milne Home of Wedderburn, married at St. Saviour's Church, Walton Street, last week

IN IVORY WHITE SATIN: Miss Pamela Mary Powell, sister of Sir Richard Powell, Bart., who, a few days ago, was married to Mr. George Clark Tozer at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge

MARRIED ON MONDAY: Miss Jeanne Stuart, the popular London actress, with Mr. Bernard Dudley Docker, a director of the Midland Bank and the Metropolitan Railway Company, to whom she was married at Prince's Row on April 10



THE KING'S GIFT: Mr. S. E. Guyer, the stamp expert, arranges the King's gift of stamps which is to be sold in aid of the Royal Ear Hospital

JOINT HOSTESSES: Miss Gertrude Lawrence and Mrs. Redmond McGrath with Lady Eleanor Smith, the chairman of the forthcoming Grosvenor House "Circus Ball," whom they entertained jointly last week. The Circus Ball promises to be one of the outstanding events of early May

THE COMING-OF-AGE CELEBRATIONS OF THE MARQUIS OF LINLITHGOW'S TWIN SONS: Members of the house party at Hopetoun House, Linlithgow. *Left to right, front row*—Miss Ruby Hill, Sir William Milner, Lord John Hope, the Marquess of Linlithgow, Lady Doreen Hope, the Marchioness of Linlithgow, the Earl of Hopetoun, Lady Joan Hope and Lady Ann Hope. *Second row*, second from left—the Dowager Marchioness of Linlithgow, Miss Diana York, Mrs. Wauchope of Niddrie, the Duchess of Portland, Lady Mary Hope and Lord Charles Hope. *Back row*—Master David Wemyss, Lady Victoria Wemyss, Dr. Haig Fergusson, and Miss Elizabeth Alington

HOME NEWS of TO-DAY

LONDON TAKES TO THE WATER: Steamers getting ready to depart from Westminster Pier. The trips from Westminster are increasing in popularity: on any fine evening one may take a half-hour trip by the smaller craft

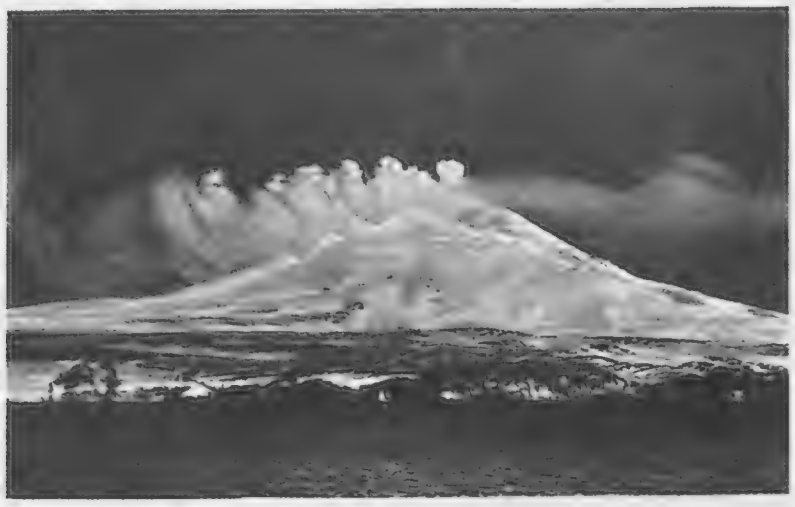
THE TIME OF THEIR LIVES: Thousands of children in parties of 200 a day are visiting the London North Eastern Railway Museum, York, where they are being shown over types of engines dating from 1800 to the latest expresses. These Yorkshire schoolboys are sitting on the tender of one of the new L.N.E.R. engines while the driver gives a practical demonstration of how he handles the controls

LONDON'S FLOATING FIRE ENGINES: A scene during the annual fire drill carried out recently on the Thames at Battersea. *Gamma II*, one of the latest fire floats (left), provided a striking contrast to the twenty-five-year-old *Delta II*. These boats are of enormous service during riverside fires, being capable of projecting water from the river over 100 ft. into the air

DOWNING STREET'S LATEST GUARD: P.C. Brown of the Metropolitan Police is said to be the tallest man in the force. He stands 6 ft. 7 in. in height and is a member of "A" division, on duty at Downing Street. His task is sometimes not an easy one, as there are nearly always sightseers in the famous street anxious to obtain a glimpse of the Prime Minister or his distinguished visitors at No. 10

FIRE AND SNOW IN ANTARCTIC SEAS

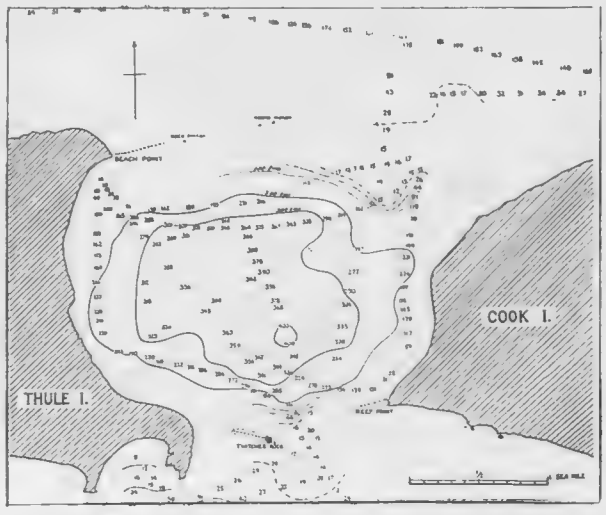
The South Sandwich Islands, a Much-discussed Volcanic Link Between America and Antarctica, Visited by the R. R. S. "Discovery" Expedition



SAUNDERS ISLAND: The active volcano of Mount Michael in Cordelia Bay, seen from a distance of two-and-a-half miles

ZAVODOVSKI ISLAND: The 1,600 ft. peak, the cone of a volcano, which dominates the island with its cloud cap

THE LINK WITH ANTARCTICA: The curving chain of the South Sandwich Islands



DOUGLAS STRAIT: A chart of the submerged crater, discovered by the soundings of the expedition, between Thule and Cook Islands—another piece of evidence that proves the former existence of a continuous land formation

DANTE'S INFERNO: The volcanic rocks of Candlemas Island, sulphurous fumes from which swept over the *Discovery*. The expedition described them as an unearthly sight.

One of the most recent expeditions into Antarctic waters was that of *Discovery II*. By good fortune the expedition had the opportunity of visiting the South Sandwich Islands. This group, fascinating in its import to geographers, was at one period visited by Captain Cook, who, with his usual sagacity, recorded some pertinent facts concerning the island. There were, however, many gaps in our knowledge of this extraordinary group. These have now been very largely filled in by this *Discovery* expedition, the results of which have been published by the Cambridge University Press in two volumes dealing with this group and South Georgia. The position of the curving group of the South Sandwich Islands, proven as a most important link between the Continental structure of South America and the Continent of Antarctica, is discussed.

The expedition summarises its findings thus: "Most of the submerged portions of the South Antillean Arc are still to be traced in the relief of the sea bottom, and therefore seem to indicate an enormous protrusion of circum-Pacific tectonic structures, accompanied by circum-Pacific lava types, for 1,500 miles into the heart of the alien tectonic region of the Southern Atlantic Ocean—conditions which are to be found nowhere else in the whole vast extent of the Atlantic Ocean except in the Caribbean region."

All the islands are of volcanic origin and some of the craters are actively smoking. Other islands show signs of internal heat near the surface. Thus one gets the astonishing sight of fiery activity in immediate juxtaposition to a deep covering of snow and glaciers on a large scale. One of the most interesting discoveries was that of a submerged crater between two islands. The pictures given here will show the general aspect of some of the islands as seen from the *Discovery*.

"The mode of formation of most of the islands is tolerably evident. For Zavodovski, Visokoi, and Bristol retain their original character of simple volcanic cones, and Leskov is probably a fragment of what was once a crater. The only island that presents difficulties is Vindication; for it seems certain that it does not represent the whole of a cone, and the soundings taken do not afford any clue to the way in which it was formed. The islands and portions of islands that have lost all volcanic warmth are buried deep in glacier, and ice also covers the still active cones of Visokoi and Saunders. This ice-cap is similar in type to that commonly seen on Antarctic islands, but it conforms to the larger irregularities of the surface and rarely shows the perfectly even shield, or dome-shaped contour, which characterizes the full development of this form of glaciation. The ice, however, may reach a thickness of as much as 260 ft. at its coastal margin."

A SENTINEL OF THE ANTARCTIC: The 900 ft. high Freezeland Peak, which was sighted by Captain Cook in 1775. It is thought to consist of sedimentary rock

BRISTOL ISLAND: The spectacular 700 ft. high Grindle Rock—an important link in the expedition's geological chain of evidence

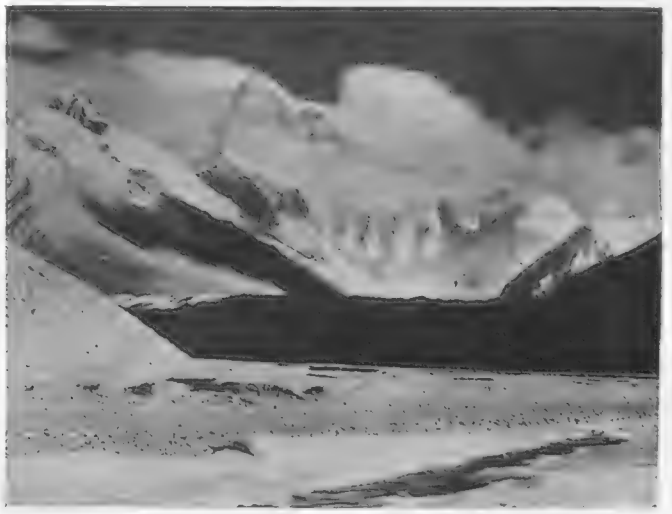
THE SNOW PLUME OF MOUNT EVEREST

Drawn by D. Macpherson

HOW THE HOUSTON-EVEREST EXPEDITION 'PLANES WERE AFFECTED BY A DOWNWARD CURRENT FROM THE GREAT PEAK: One of the most striking of the weather conditions round Everest was the discovery of a 12-mile current from the peak, which at first shot upwards in the air, carrying with it a spectacular snow plume and then dropping down in a curve until it touched the air above Chamlang. Here both 'planes met a severe downward wind-pressure, forcing the 'planes to lose altitude to the extent of some 2,000 ft.

A BARE WIND-BLOWN RIDGE WITH SNOW BEHIND: This view of a part of the north-east ridge of Everest was taken by Captain Noel from a point 22,000 ft. above sea level overlooking the Khangshung Glacier. The snow has piled thickly behind the edge of the ridge

THE BARE WIND-SWEPT NORTH FACE OF EVEREST: The gales blow the snow off this face towards the S.E. in the form of the plume shown in the diagrammatic picture above



CLOUDS ROLLING FROM THE WEST OVER THE EVEREST MASSIF: Masses of clouds from time to time roll up from the N.W. and surge over the upper peaks of the Everest group

PARIS ENJOYS HER CAUSE CÉLÈBRE

The Periodic Affair without which no True Parisian is Satisfied

By FERDINAND TUOHY

THE AEROPOSTALE AFFAIR: Two of the accused officials in a scandal which has been thrilling all Paris seen during their trial at the Seine Court of Assize

CRIME PASSIONNEL? Madame d'Anglemont, whose connection with the murder of M. Causeret, Prefect of the Bouches-du-Rhone, has provided Paris with all the ingredients of one of her most intriguing sensations

Paris has, once again, an affair after her own heart. Since the War she had been kept on distinctly short rations and, judging by the way she has now reacted, was beginning to feel the void. Other capitals may have their first-class "sensations" from time to time, yet these do not provide the actual nourishment that Parisians draw from their periodic causes célèbres; unless an example supervenes in the high world every few years there is a feeling of deprivation, of something missing. The opportunity for unrivalled gossip afforded by such cases for full play of malice, slander, maîtresse-talk, suspicion, wit, political flaying, decrying of the régime, that cocktail so-tongue-rolling constitutes an intermittent necessity for Parisians who duly get it, served as nowhere else.

This last is capital. It is the incredible licence allowed in public discussion which makes a Paris affair. Admittedly the stock ingredients are indigenous to the French capital, and are of themselves self-dramatizing. There is nearly always the woman of the luxury half-world and claiming the protection of prominent men—blackmail, newspaper or political, is usually not far away; the Chamber of Deputies, sometimes an ex-Minister, is no exception to the picture; also, the secret police are apt to be in this; while it is a rare scandal that has not in the background l'intérêt, money, and the rivalry or advancement of careerists. Such elements are not to be snuffed at. Yet the Paris cause célèbre essentially flourishes above all other international efforts in the same line because of the staggering licence allowed in print—in pencil, in song, no less—this, ably seconded by a form of magistrate's investigation carried out under the very camera, and which royally feeds the licence. The whole thing being in turn circulated by the public, those good republicans who delight so in dissecting their peers under the fiercest arc light.

While a case is sub judice, while it is yet in its very earliest and therefore most delicate stage, the French newspapers can print rumours and interviews and charges and deducings which would mulct Fleet Street in £20,000,000 libel damages and put editors in mass in prison for contempt of the most grievous conceivable kind, namely, trying an accused in advance of the criminal courts. It stands to reason that if Paris can hear everything by anticipation, absolutely the limit, witness the skinning bare of the principals in a case, her scandal or mystery of the high world must flower and tower over corresponding "sensations" in other capitals where the legal system precludes all such revelations until after a "guilty" verdict and when, even then, newspapers have to tread most warily in what they say, keeping clean off others.

In brief, the Paris cause célèbre is served piping hot from the word "go" and as highly spiced as imaginative scriveners can deliver it. Nor is anything just "alleged." It is all fashioned into a roman à la mode with real names.

The shooting of Jean Causeret, Prefect of the Bouches-du-Rhône, which means head Government representative in the department of which Marseilles is the hub, has many of the attributes that should lead one day next autumn to what are called "les grands jours au Tribunal." It is already taking its place beside the more illustrious "affaires" of the Third Republic and which may be said to have begun with the mysterious deaths of Gambetta and of Léonie Léon, his well-liked one. Passing over Panama and Dreyfus, which were of another complexion, there came next the sudden Élysée death, "in gallant circumstances," of President Félix Faure. Feminine hair figured largely in this hushing-up.

Five years later, and Paris was divided in two camps over the death of Syveton, the deputy, whose widow and daughter were the women of the case; and this mystery was followed by the even more engrossing "affaire Steinheil," in which the fatal widow defended herself for three whole years (1908–11). Her husband and mother were found bound and murdered. Madame said three strangers did it, binding her too. Others said an apache was the criminal. But—motive? That cleaved to the bottom of the case. Hardly had the fatal widow dematerialized than Madame Caillaux shot Calmette, editor of the *Figaro*, who, she said, was about to print letters damaging to her husband, the Finance Minister. What an affair that was! How we of those days hung on the daily trial in Paris . . . while hourly we slipped into something that changed all our lives. . . .

In the dark midway of War, Mata Hari summoned permanent officials and Cabinet Ministers to speak in her behalf. That was the utmost expression of an affair very Parisian: but the papers could say nothing about it! The strangling with a lace of Almeyreda, in his cell, was another mystery of those years about which little or nothing could be said at the time, if gallons of ink have flowed since. Almeyreda was the so-called defeatist editor of the *Bonnet Rouge* which wanted to make peace on the basis of a draw, Caillaux being later thrown into prison by Clemenceau as inspirer of such policy (which might have spared us a great deal, including revision, had it been feasible, which is doubtful).

Since the War there has really only been the shooting in a taxi-cab of queer young Daudet whose father, Léon, to this day publishes in his paper the names of his son's murderers—not "alleged," mind you. They are high officials and one is a world-statesman's brother-in-law. The papers tried hard to vamp up the Gorguloff case, but it was hopeless; just the pointless act of a diseased brain, no mystery, no scandal, no *femme fatale*, no drop scene of corruption, the amount of which, that survives in France, one is sometimes tempted to associate with those overloaded tumbrils of the Place de Grève.

In 1888, Mlle Amanda Huat, polisher, registered a daughter, "father unknown" (his name is now given, an industrialist), and the child was at a St. Germain institution until thirteen, when the good sisters sent little Germaine Huat back to mother, according to the law. Mother was living in the very bad Temple quarter of Paris, and wasn't at all pleased to be thus burdened. The child, well taught and behaved till now, was allowed to run wild and in a couple of years had taken a room of her own at 10 francs a week.

She was "Nini" to the rough youths of the Temple and then she became puffed out when Pierre Decourcelle found her and made her "Germaine d'Anglemont" in his final novel. The gamine of the Temple insisted on being called that thereafter and, at seventeen, she had moved up to the Grands Boulevards and there she started a rapid rise, chiefly through well-off elderlies, to jewels, a car, the rue de la Paix, stage boxes, baccarat at the plages of those pre-War days. The great days of "the Huat" (as Daudet calls her in withering disdain for the regime which nurtured her) were from 1908 to 1922, so she had a good run, and even in the past ten years was far from being a back number.

Not liking war-time restrictions, the courtisane-de-luxe easily found occasion to go to Mexico in 1914, but she was back in Paris in '17, when her preference-lover was a famous flyer who used to drop agents behind the German lines. This may or may not be the origin of the ever-fascinating idea that Germaine belongs to the Deuxième Bureau (Intelligence). The French certainly did and do bank heavily on women; but, be that as it may, our subject re-thrived in the mad post-War years and, besides a house in the rue de la Faisanderie and a villa at Bougival, had a pied-à-terre in the Parc Monceau district. She had, also, a Press ticket for the Chamber, and I remember her. She was well known in the smart places open to the haut demi-monde, and there are few that aren't, as a still seductive, spoilt woman of temperament, with an unusually interesting (chevroné) past. Here is a friend's portrait of her until just the other day:

"Impulsive, violent, often with those she best liked. Restaurant smacks and scenes, threats, followings, were not unusual. Other women avoided her; men were more indulgent, remembering the proverb, 'The first soup is never digested.' Also, perhaps, they made allowance for the early-on operation Germaine had undergone and which leaves a woman either an apathetic capon or thin, fantastic, consumed. Besides, men don't really detest scenes which flatter their vanity and give the secret thrill of Schade-freude. Germaine's blows, screams, insults, would be traced back to the Temple, and, moreover, she could be so completely other: tender and repentant, generous, gay, quoi, une belle amoureuse, affectionate, thinking of small things, understanding. And she could run a house. She was a courtisane of other days who had class and knew how to keep her friends. But she had arrived at a dangerous age when . . . ."

When something or other caused a revolver in her hand to go off and mortally wound her Jean of so many years, and this despite the fact that Germaine was a practised shot, having taken two 200-francs courses, including the human body as target. But so many Parisians do this now that they call it training for matrimony.

M. Causeret was mayor of Bourgueil, near Tours, until 1928, and unknown. Since when he had fairly shot upwards: Secretary-General at Algiers, and Marseilles Prefect. It is said he was about to become Paris Prefect of Police and that this was what brought him to Paris on the fatal day. He used to stop at the pied-à-terre, his wife and family, in ignorance, at Marseilles. He would journey to Paris every week. He had known Germaine in pre-War days, but there had been a ten years' cooling. Recently ended. The Prefect left Germaine's apartment, with a female sleuth following up in a second taxi. He met a woman in a big store; the detective lost sight of him; but at noon he was in the Ministry of the Interior, "very worried." An hour later he lay dying in Germaine's pied-à-terre, shot through from armpit to armpit, as his arms were raised. He was shaving.

SEALED DOORS: The fatal apartment where M. Causeret was discovered mortally wounded

Germaine Huat admits the trigger pressing, but says it was an accident, an unfortunate gesture due to jealousy. It is hereafter that things grow complicated ——.

There was a lot of telephoning; specialist friends of the woman came and went, also her lawyer and a deputy, Camille Picard. The police were not informed until three hours had elapsed and then

(*Cont. on p.* 112)

A WORLD SURVEY

GERMANY HONOURS A WOMAN AVIATOR: Fraulein Elli Beinhorn leaves the President's home after receiving the Hindenburg Cup. She recently completed a spectacular flight to Japan, and on Thursday last set out again for the Cape

A MOSLEM CEREMONY IN PARIS: The distribution of cakes and drinks at the L'Aid-el-Kebir festival celebrated recently at a mosque in Paris. The festival commemorates the intervention of Allah when Abraham was about to sacrifice his son in the desert. Prince Aage of Denmark attended the ceremony

AWAITING JUSTICE: This young woman in male attire, reputed to be a dangerous spy, seen under close guard with her two male accomplices in Jehol City, Manchukuo. She was charged with giving information to the Chinese troops during Japan's recent and successful campaign in the province of Jehol

AN ARCTIC ADVENTURE: Miss Jing Wong arriving in Hollywood after being on location for eight months with a film company in the Arctic. She is seen being greeted on her return by her talented and better known sister, Miss Anna May Wong

WONDERS OF MODERN

A GIANT IN THE BULB WORLD: Fitting a rectifier bulb into its frame after completion. The cathodes are shown grouped round the base of the bulb

A BIG RECTIFIER BULB IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION: A mechanic fits the arms on to the cooling chamber

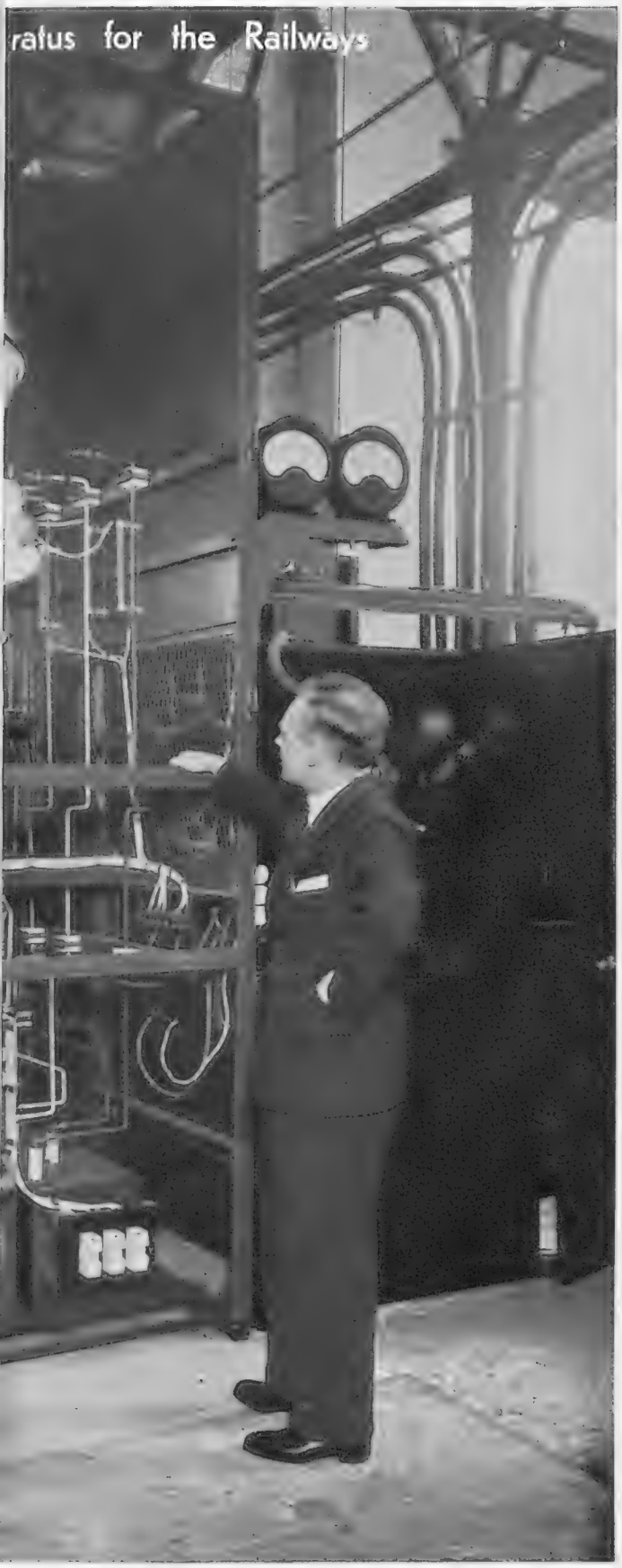
TESTING A 500-AMP. RECTIFIER BULB: As the load puts the finishing touches on one of

This series of pictures has been specially taken for "The Sphere" to illustrate a growing feature of current electrical practice which will astonish the lay reader. For his benefit it may be briefly stated that these huge bulb rectifiers are now being used in many cases to convert alternating current into direct current, in place of the older type of mechanism known as a rotary converter. Electrical current is usually conveyed from place to place in the form of an

A rectifier is a "converter," that is to say, it changes, or converts, electricity from alternating current to direct current as required for many purposes. Transformers change the pressure of an A.C. supply to any other pressure required. Owing to the extension of the National A.C. Grid system throughout England, Scotland, and Wales, many undertakings now require converting plant to supply their D.C. systems from A.C. supply from the grid. In some cases the National Grid scheme has increased the need for converting plant, and the rectifier, by its simplicity and reliability, has ousted in many instances the older forms of rotating machinery for converting

ELECTRICAL PRACTICE

ratus for the Railways



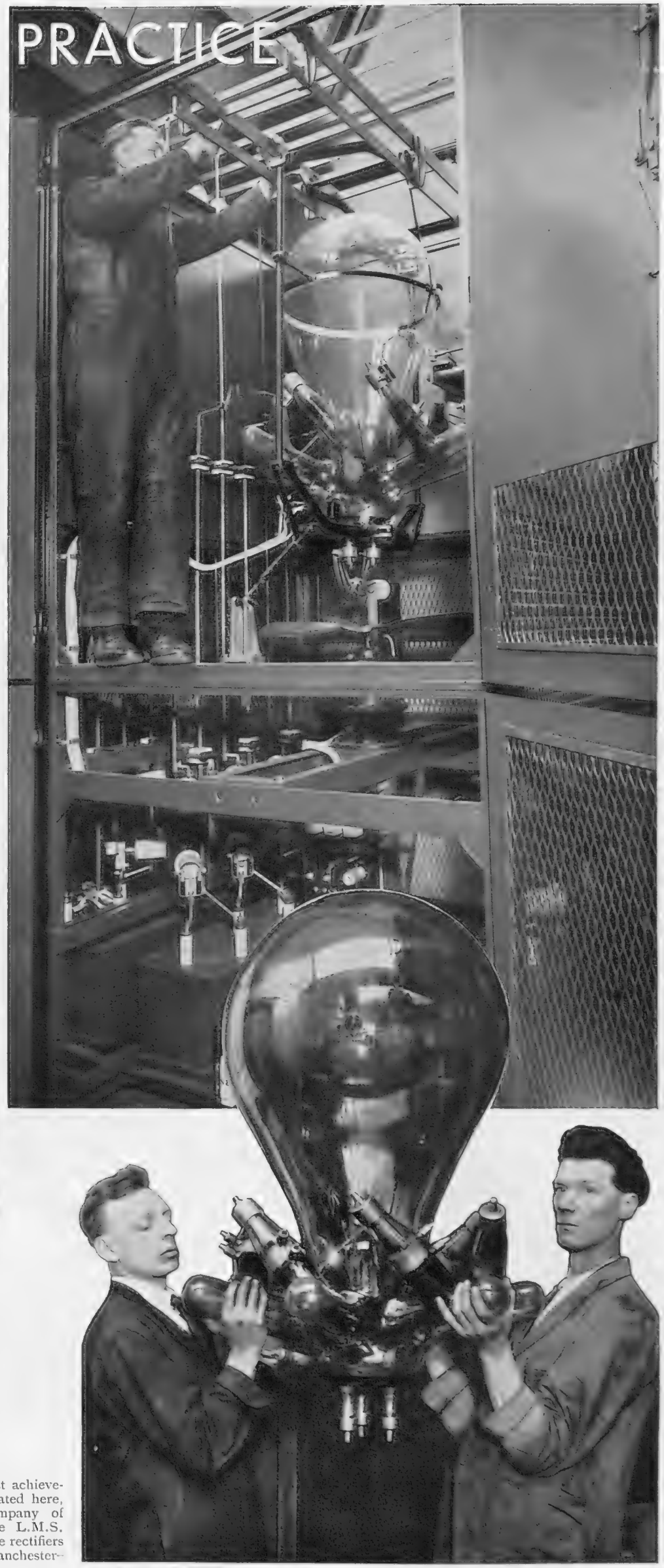
Special "Sphere" pictures by W. Davis

increases the bulb gets brighter. *Above on right*—A mechanic the rectifier units for the L.M.S. Railway

alternating or oscillating current; to use this current for some useful mechanical purpose one has to turn it into the steady force of a direct current. Briefly, you convert or rectify "A.C." into "D.C." This is now being carried out by the L.M.S. Railway with bulb rectifiers for the purpose of driving its trains. On this page these giant bulbs with their udder-like cathodes are shown being tested before dispatch to the railway company.

purposes and taken the premier position in this field. The latest achievements in this respect are the gigantic glass bulb rectifiers illustrated here, which have been constructed by the Hewittic Electric Company of Walton-on-Thames, for supplying current to the trains on the L.M.S. Liverpool–Southport and Manchester–Bury electrified lines. These rectifiers supply the Liverpool–Southport lines with 600 volts D.C., and the Manchester–Bury lines with 1,200 volts D.C. for the train motors.

(Continued on the next page)



THE FINISHED BULB: Mechanics of the Hewittic Electric Company holding up a 200 kilowatt (270 h.p.) rectifier bulb

ELECTRICITY TO-DAY

Giant Bulb Rectifiers for the L.M.S.

(Continued from p. 91)

These installations indicate the marked progress which has been made in the construction of rectifiers during the past few years. Started at about the beginning of the century, rectifiers of the glass bulb type were developed in England, America, France, and Germany, but prior to the War they had only been put into service for the lighter types of duty — such as charging batteries, feeding lift installations, and feeding projection arcs.

Although initially developed in America, the progress up to the War was probably most rapid in Germany and France. Since the War, however, this has changed, and progress on the glass bulb rectifier has made greater strides in the British Isles than anywhere else in the world.

About 1922 glass rectifiers were put on public supply service for automatic sub-stations feeding into light and power distribution networks and traction systems. These sub-stations started in 50 and 100 kw. sizes, and their performance so convinced various engineers throughout the country of their many advantages that the number has been increasing from year to year, as has the capacity of the sub-stations and the duties for which this type of plant has been employed, so that at the present day glass rectifiers are being employed in England on every type of duty and in sub-stations of every capacity.

There are now 200,000 kw. of these rectifiers in service in the British Isles, which is a much greater capacity than that installed in any other country in the world. There are even sub-stations in service up to 6,000 kw. individual capacity. This is more than three times the capacity of the largest sub-station outside the British Isles.

This extensive use of the glass bulb rectifier in the British Isles, and the large capacities for which it is employed, has only been possible by the development in the capacity of the individual bulb units, and the development of these and their manufacture are both points of particular interest, and entail work of a very intricate and difficult nature—in the blowing of the main cooling chambers and the fitting of the various arms and making of the various seals.

Of course, very careful attention has to be paid to the handling of the large amount of glass necessary for the manufacture of these high capacity bulbs, and it has been found that only a limited number of men in this country are capable of satisfactorily handling the work. Again, every attention has to be paid to the composition of the leading-in metal and the properties of the glass.

From 1909 until 1920 small units, capable of delivering 5 or 10 ampères, and mainly intended for charging accumulators, were made in this country, followed in after years by 20, 30, and 40 ampère units for D.C. pressures up to approximately 220 volts, but in construction they greatly differed from the heavy duty rectifiers made to day.

Reviewing the above in greater detail we find that at the commencement firms on the Continent were in advance of English manufacturers as regards electrical output, for whereas the maximum D.C. capacity of British made rectifiers was 40 ampères, those constructed abroad could deliver as much as 100 ampères. In 1920, however, the Hewittic Company discovered the possibilities of large glass rectifiers for automatic sub-stations, and developed units capable of delivering 150 ampères at direct current pressures up to 550 volts. At first they experienced difficulty in convincing engineers of the possibilities of the glass containers, but eventually some 100 kw. equipments were erected and showed favourable results. The capacity of the bulbs then increased year by year. For instance, from 150 ampères at 500 volts the output increased to 200 ampères, then to 250, 300, 400 up to 500 ampères per bulb.

So well constructed, however, are these bulb units, and so strong mechanically and electrically, that they are able to withstand the heaviest overloads which may be experienced on the most strenuous type of duty, such as railway service.

Rectifier bulbs are now also being made with special control grids which enable the D.C. output voltage from the bulb to be easily varied over any range that may be desired, and already a number of these units have been supplied by the Hewittic Company and are now in regular service.

F. G. B.

MECHANICS FITTING IN SECTIONS to build up a complete insulator in a London electrical factory

ELECTRICITY ON THE FARM: The all-electric plough invented by Major Andrew McDowall. The cable supplying power to the tractor winds and unwinds as the plough moves up and down the field

BEHIND THE SCENES AT BANKSIDE: A rear view of the supervising electricity grid control at Southwark seen during the work of construction

TESTING INSULATORS UNDER HIGH ELECTRICAL PRESSURE: undergoing a final efficiency test

MAKING CABLES FOR THE GRID: The special machine which thousands of feet are being turned out for spanning

AN ELECTRICAL CONTROL DISTRIBUTION PANEL AT BANK control-room for the South-East and East Midland districts. dials at the top indicate, by operating the meter push below, transmission lines, and the position

PHOTO-ELECTRIC CELLS

Their Modern Application Shown in an Exhibition at South Kensington

Photo-electric cells are now being widely applied both in pure science and in industry generally.

A large number of most interesting photo-electric cell exhibits are demonstrated at a special exhibition now being held at the Science Museum, South Kensington. This exhibition is of great interest not only to engineers and managers of industrial and commercial enterprises, but to all those interested in the amazing developments now taking place in the electrical world.

By means of working exhibits, photographs of installations and examples of apparatus in which photo-electric cells are incorporated, the visitor is enabled to obtain an excellent idea of the diversified uses of this modern wonder of science.

There is a touch of showmanship in the lighting of an information sign as the visitor passes through a beam of light on entering the exhibition, but the automatically opening door is perhaps the most impressive example of the application of these cells. Across the passage to the door is a beam of light from an electric lamp projected on to a photo-electric cell. Interruption of the beam by someone walking towards the door causes a decrease in the current passing through the cell. This immediately brings into operation a relay which sets the thruster control for opening the door into action. The relay contains a time delay mechanism which prevents the door closing before a definite period has elapsed. If the beam is interrupted before the door begins to close, or while it is closing, the door reopens to the full extent; a continuous stream of people would therefore cause the door to remain permanently open. One of the chief applications for which this device is useful is in hotels and restaurants where it will permit of the staff passing without hindrance between dining-room and kitchen.

An industrial example of the application of a photo-electric counting device is to be seen at Messrs. Jacobs' Biscuit Factory, Liverpool. Here the photo-electric cell holder is beneath the glass bottom of the conveyor; the operating lamp hangs immediately above. As each package interrupts the beam of light, a record is made on the counter which is situated to the right of the equipment.

A further exhibit shows how the smoke density in chimney stacks may be accurately observed and so kept within reasonable limits. The method adopted is particularly useful in large centres where there are local regulations with regard to the emission of smoke from factory chimneys.

The equipment consists of a photo-electric cell, a projector lamp, and a micrometer. A beam of light from the projector passes across the chimney through the smoke and falls on the photo-electric cell mounted in the wall on the opposite side. The photo-electric cell is connected to a micrometer, which indicates the variations in intensity of the light falling on the cell caused by the passage of smoke through the light beam. The micrometer is so arranged that a full-scale deflection indicates no smoke, while zero deflection shows that the smoke is so dense that no light from the projector lamp is able to reach the photo-electric cell.

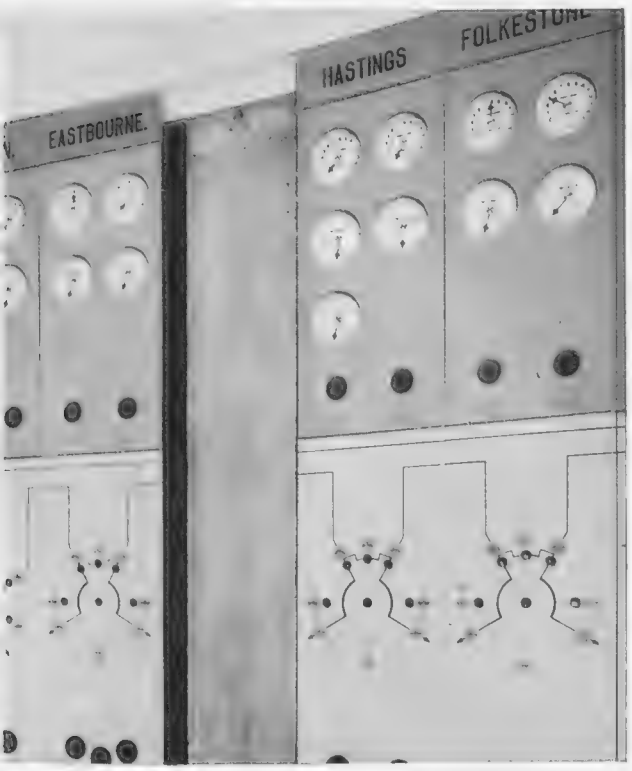
A further invention of importance is a photo-electric safety device. The machine, as illustrated, is used for preparing ice cornets, and the equipment is designed to safeguard the operator's hands from being crushed by the press. If the light beam is interrupted by the operator when the press has commenced its downward stroke, the relay operates so as to shut down the machine instantaneously. The equipment is so arranged, however, that an interruption of the beam on the upward stroke of the press has no effect.

There is also a photo-electric control device in connection with paper-bag making. This machine has been installed at the works of the Associated Portland Cement Company, Gravesend, Kent. The object of the equipment is to prevent the moving web of paper from getting out of alignment. The two photo-electric cells are seen just above the lowest roller; the projector lamp is in the foreground and the relay case is prominently shown. If the paper moves $\frac{1}{4}$ in. to either side so that the light conditions on the cells become the same, i.e. both in light or both in shade, an alarm signal is sounded so that the operator is immediately warned to adjust the machine.

In conclusion, it may be mentioned that these photo-electric devices are the patent of the British Thomson-Houston Company of Rugby, who were responsible for their introduction.

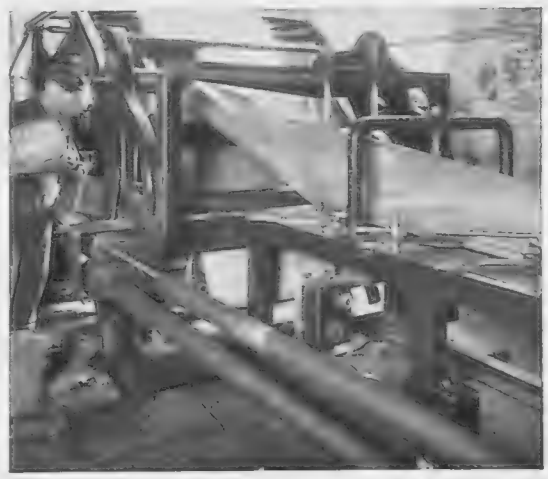
A double row of insulator caps, each suspended by a chain, before leaving the factory

strands the copper wire for use on the cables. Hundreds of the country with the new electrical system

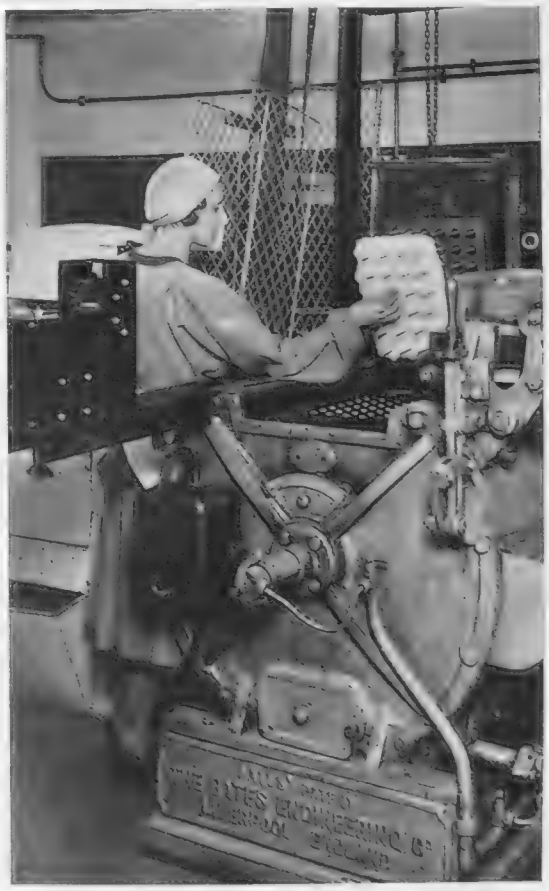


SIDE: Mechanic putting the final touches to the new grid Each panel represents a transformer switching station, and the the load carried by each station, the current flowing in the of the voltage topping the transformer

AN AUTOMATIC DOOR OPENER: The photo-electric cell system applied domestically



THE SYSTEM EMPLOYED IN PAPER-BAG MAKING: The equipment is used here for preventing the moving web of paper from running out of alignment



SAFEGUARDING THE OPERATOR: How the system is used in ice-cream cornet making. The machine stops immediately if the operator endangers her hands during the downward stroke of the press

THE AIRSHIP

Pictures of the "Akro

THE WORLD'S MOST SUCCESSFUL AIRSHIP, the *Graf Zeppelin*. The one dirigible which has apparently worked out the problem of safety in the air. Count Eckener and his chief officers clearly possess a weather sense which has enabled them to steer clear of major storms and thus complete numerous journeys across Europe and the Atlantic

THE SCENE AT THE LAUNCHING OF THE *AKRON* by Mrs. Hoover in August, 1931. An enormous crowd filled the giant hangar at Akron, Ohio, when the wife of the ex-President of the United States presided at the ceremony. Standing next to her is Mr. Paul W. Litchfield, president of the Goodyear Zeppelin Company

A U.S.A. NAVY BLIMP of the type which searched for the *Akron*. In addition to its big airship fleet, the United States possess a number of semi-rigid and non-rigid dirigibles. Here is one of the instructional blimps being hauled down after a flight at Lakehurst, New Jersey

THE ILL-FATED *AKRON* moored to the mast

THE CABIN OF THE GIANT *AKRON* from wh

The disaster to the *Akron* in the early hou poignancy the question of the wisdom of cons ment for such a purpose. In this instance the s the sea level during an electrical storm of great which broke the *Shenandoah* in two on September The surviving officer makes mention of the breaking moment she became a wreck. The success of an

P PROBLEM AGAIN RAISED by the "AKRON" DISASTER

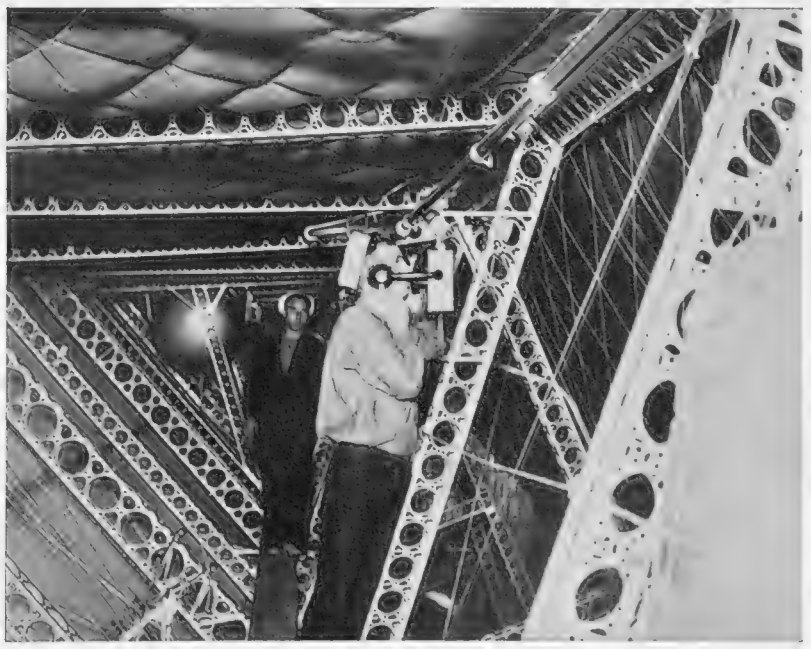
"Akron" which was Destroyed Last Week and of the "Graf Zeppelin," the World's Successful Airship

the mast of the mother craft, *Patoka*, at Virginia Capes after successfully riding out a sleet storm. It is alleged that during this test flight those in control deliberately sought out questionable weather in order to demonstrate her capacity to face storms which would normally keep aircraft on the ground

from which the officers were swept by the rush of water

early hours of Tuesday, April 4, has revived with great
m of constructing giant airships in our present state of equip-
nce the ship seems to have perished by being forced down to
of great violence. The vertical columns of varying pressure
eptember 3, 1925, may well have been in operation once again.
he breaking of the ship before she touched the water at which
ess of an airship appears to lie in avoiding major storm areas,

CONDENSERS OF THE *AKRON* on the exterior of the hull. The water was collected from the exhaust gases and helped to replace the fuel consumed



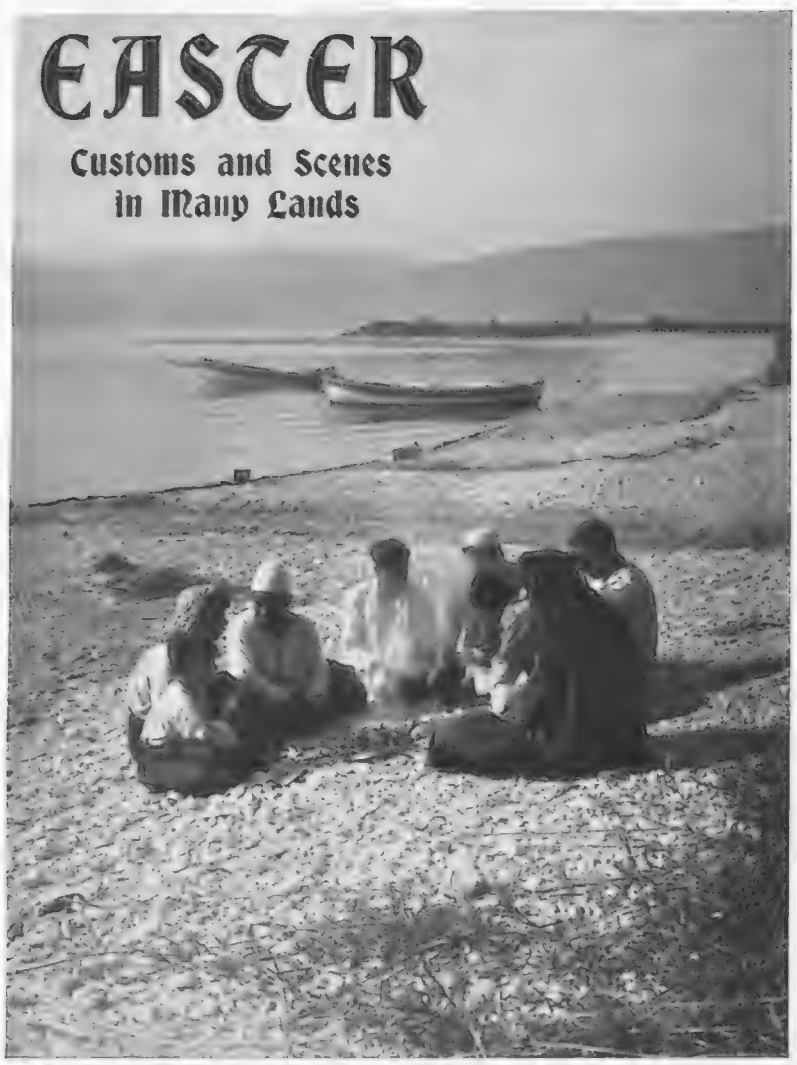
DISCIPLINE WAS PERFECT: Members of the *Akron's* crew at work on one of the side gangways. The telephonist is communicating with the control gondola

and in this connection we give a picture of the *Graf Zeppelin* during her visit to the U.S.A. in 1930. She encountered some stiff weather, but managed to keep clear of any major troubles.

THE PORTABLE WEATHER TOWER: The readings given by this tower determined the possibility of a flight by the airship. Barometric as well as wind pressures were registered

EASTER

Customs and Scenes in Many Lands



AMONG THE FISHERFOLK OF GALILEE: After toiling all night the fishermen come ashore on Easter day to make a fire and boil their catch as Simon Peter and the other disciples did when Christ appeared before them on the shores of the lake over nineteen hundred years ago

WHERE CHRIST WAS BROUGHT BEFORE PILATE: The Roman triumphal arch of the "Ecce Homo" where Pilate showed our Lord to his countrymen before sending him to death. Thousands of visitors to Jerusalem see this famous spot every year; the start of the drama which has made Easter sacred among Christian peoples for all time

WAITING FOR THE WORD: Children in the canal country of the Spreewald look forward for months to the huge cakes they will receive when Easter comes along—an old-established custom in this part of Germany. It was from Germany that the practice of giving Easter eggs came to England in the nineteenth century

In some parts of Cumberland and Westmorland an old Easter custom still survives among the children, though now somewhat debased in form, which in its way must be unique. Three or four days before the festival the children go Pasch-egging. They are known as the Jolly Boys, a corruption probably of Yule or Jol boys, and they go from door to door singing a part song in companies of four. Each member is dressed up for the occasion, a paper cocked hat and an old skirt being two very necessary properties. The cocked hat, strangely enough, represents Nelson and the skirt Judas Iscariot. Little as they know it these "Jolly Boys" are taking part in a fragment of what was once a mystery play representing the Resurrection. Three of the characters represent respectively, Judas, one of the soldiers who threw the dice for Our Lord's clothing at the foot of the Cross, and the man who supplied the nails. The fourth character, Nelson, was without doubt added as a topical touch over 100 years ago, and probably took the place of another National hero whose triumphs had faded in the popular imagination with the passage of the years.

In making their round of the houses the boys open with a chorus in the following words:—

Here come two or three jolly boys all in a row,
We have come Pasch-egging, we hope you will know;
With your eggs and strong beer we'll come no more here;
We'll come no more here until the next year
Fol the riddle dol for the ray
Fol the riddle dom di day.

They then step forward in turn and explain their characters in doggerel of the same nature, winding up with a final chorus in which they ask for something with which to buy eggs; sometimes eggs are given to them. These they take home to be dyed and boiled hard, after which a common custom is to roll them one against the other on the turf of the hillsides. Good Friday is the day chosen for this. The egg which remains the longest uncracked is called "the conqueror."

A great deal of care is often given to the dyeing of the eggs, coloured silk or worsted being used, but the most fascinating are those dyed with onion peel which come out a most beautiful chestnut, somewhat piebald.

The eggs shown in the illustrations are really *éditions de luxe*, being drawn upon with a burin needle or penknife. These were the work of two different people some time in the 'sixties, and are still in existence.

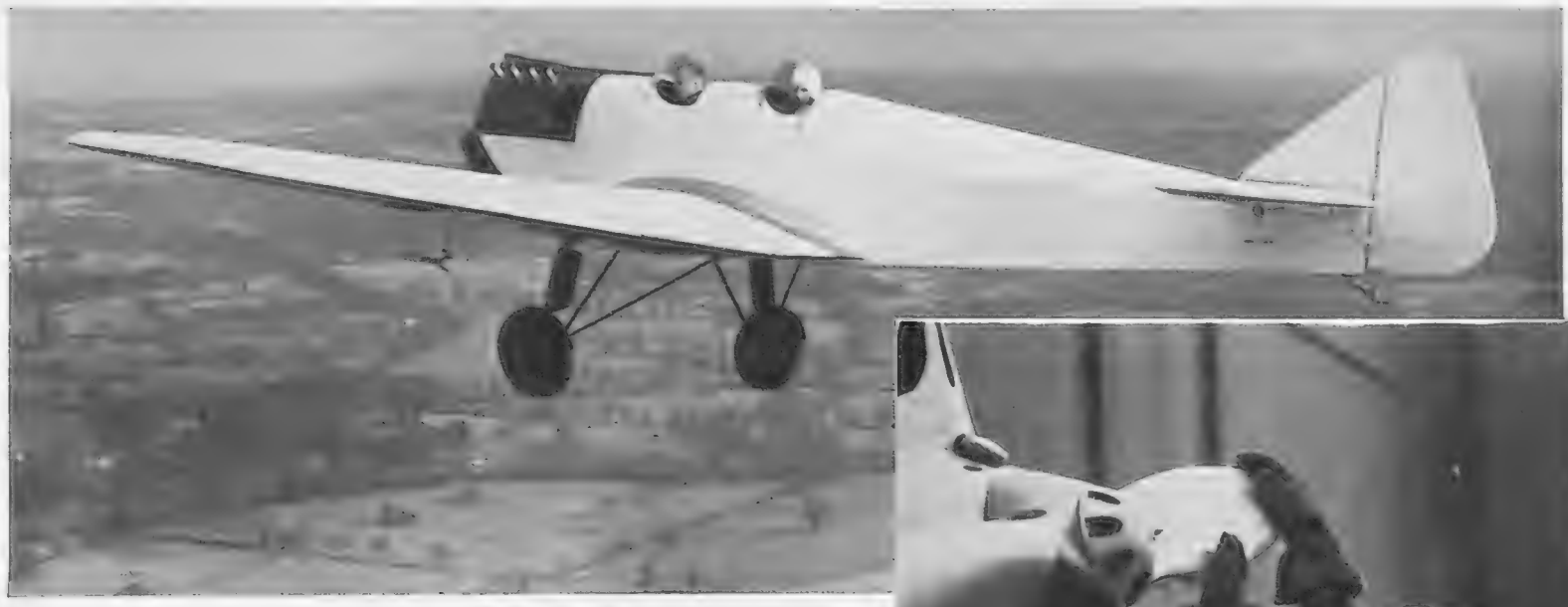
AN OLD NORTH COUNTRY CUSTOM: These eggs, which have been dyed and boiled hard, and afterwards drawn upon with a burin, have survived for over seventy years. They were obviously considered far too good for eating purposes and thus were preserved

AERIAL ACTIVITIES

Recent Developments in Private, Commercial, and Military Aviation

"THE FLYING DUSTBIN": The new type of Heyford bomber designed for R.A.F. night bombing squadrons. Its peculiar nickname has arisen from the round armoured turret which the machine carries beneath the fuselage. This turret is large enough to hold a man and can be lowered or raised at will, its purpose being to enable attacks from beneath or behind to be dealt with efficiently

FORESHADOWING A NEW ERA IN PRIVATE FLYING: This two-seater open-type monoplane, designed by Mr. F. G. Miles, costs only £395, and provides a striking example of how manufacturers are getting down to price levels within the means of the average private flyer. The 'plane went through its official tests at Woodley Aerodrome, Reading, last week



THE NEW £395 MONOPLANE: The 'plane in the air during its official tests at Woodley Aerodrome. Its simple but sturdy construction admirably suits it for private flying, which has hitherto been delayed in its development by the high cost of suitable machines

FLYING CLASS-ROOMS FOR THE R.A.F: The *Saro Cloud*, one of the new 130 m.p.h. three element Saro Armstrong Siddeley amphibious flying boats for which the Air Force has placed an order with Messrs. Saunders Roe, Ltd. The 'planes are to be used for instructional purposes

ONE OF THE WORLD'S YOUNGEST AIR-LINE PILOTS: Miss Winnie Drinkwater, of Glasgow, who is starting work with Midland Air Ferries, Ltd., one of the flying concerns operating from Renfrew Aerodrome. This young pilot is not yet nineteen

BEHIND the SCEN

HOUSES FOR SALE: Thousands of people are passing through these houses during the period of the Exhibition. Some are drawn through curiosity, some want to buy the furniture, and nearly every day the houses themselves are sold. The furniture salesmen—there is one stationed in each room—are doing excellent business in spite of the times and are finding the demand for labour and space-saving devices even greater than last year

SOLD ONCE A DAY: Messrs. Gaze's formal picture at Olympia. It has proved

We so often take things for granted that it seemed an interesting idea—at least to start with—to delve behind the scenes of a monster exhibition like this year's Ideal Home Exhibition at Olympia and see what one could discover scurrying about underneath. The vast majority of us go to affairs of this sort, amuse ourselves, possibly buy something, look round, glut our curiosity about the latest things in anything from refrigerators to hot water bottles, and then depart without more than a curt nod as we pass out through the turnstile.

Here are some of the details I learnt about the Exhibition. If you see a red signal light—watch out. It means that the organizer is on the war path. A green light means that his second-in-command is making the rounds. Mr. F. A. Grant is represented by tortoiseshell, while a mixture of all three colours means, oddly enough, that Mr. Black is required. Amber and white are the two other colours, and if amber, green, and white are signalled it means that the detective is wanted. If *all* five lights appear the whole staff has to appear immediately. This means, I suppose, that either an act of God or *force majeure*, as they call it in insurance companies, is in full blast.

Altogether there are 600 exhibitors, who are charged anything from 8s. to 12s. 6d. per square foot, with an extra charge of 50 per cent., 66⅔ per cent., or 75 per cent., according to whether the stand is on two, three, or four frontages. This may sound a lot of money, but the unsolicited testimonials handed out to me in the course of my inquiries evidently justify it, and it costs the *Daily Mail* £85,000 before the doors open. A large number of firms who take stands expect to get more than half of the whole year's orders from their month at Olympia. And they do. Which is why they take stands for the year following.

But come behind the scenes with me to the garden exhibition. One of the "gardens" is studded with Welsh granite. The exhibitor tells you that there are 27 tons of it and that it took only three weeks to acquire the extraordinary air of permanence which typifies all these ephemeral gardens at Olympia. "You can buy this whole lot for £250," says the foreman. "We expect to sell it several times over."

Another landscape gardener says that there are 15 tons of rock in his section. "I started a few years ago with just a strip of a stand," he said. "But look at me now. Between ourselves, I get 80 per cent. of the whole year's orders from this place." A few yards farther on in the Ideal Village the eye is caught by a formal garden with a fountain, paving, and pergola. "So far, in this Exhibition, we have sold this once every day," said the head salesman. "And we expect to keep it up throughout the Exhibition. And as for the number of hard tennis courts we are selling"—words failed him.

From him to one of the houses in the village is literally only a step. "We are selling this type of house at the rate of one every two days," said the head man. "Just look at the queues of people waiting to go over it. Of course, many people come out of curiosity, and others come to buy the furniture. There are eight furniture salesmen in this little house alone—one to each room in fact. Ask them how they are doing."

I did so. "Not so bad," was the reply, accompanied by a broad grin. "Of course, competition is keener than ever, but there seems to be a lot of money in the old country still. Look at this new idea of padded armchairs with cocktail sets concealed in the hollow arms. They are selling like wildfire. Every day we have scores of orders, and heaven knows how many come in afterwards—sometimes weeks afterwards."

THE BARRIER GARDEN: The charming scene arranged by Messrs. James Carter and Co. for their Olympia exhibit

And now meet Charles Isherwood. He is a salesman who demonstrates a new kind of grill. On it he cooks chops, steaks, and the like. "What do you do with them when you have cooked them?" you ask. "Customers eat most of them," says Charles, "but I have to eat the rest, and they are real good. I should know. I eat about half-a-dozen a day, apart from my regular luncheon, of course." Across the aisle is another salesman. He, too, demonstrates cooking utensils. "I can hardly bear the sight and smell of food after a couple of days. Look at these eggs and bacon," he says, by way of unintentional contrast. "You wouldn't eat them up for me, would you?"

Having regretfully received my polite refusal, he went on more cheerfully: "Fortunately there are lots of hungry demonstrators in the building who come and eat up what the customers don't want. You should see the ice-cream girls tucking into sausages and bacon when they have a spare minute."

Come behind the scenes again and meet an official in one of the insurance company stands. "Of course, we come here more for advertisement than actually to secure direct orders," he says, "but we get lots all the same. Have you a minute to spare? Fine. Let me tell you about the little man who came along this morning. He had read in one of our booklets about the possibility of getting an assured income of £400 a year by taking out an annuity. He said sadly that he would never get that amount unless he asked about it. In any case he did not want more than £300 a year. 'It's like this,' he said. 'I've got £200, but I can't let you have more than £150. But I'm fifty-two. Will that be enough? For eleven years I've tried to write to you, but each time my wife burnt the letter. Last Sunday when she was having her nap I wrote and got the letter actually posted. Did you get it?' Hardly had he said this when a large woman—his wife, evidently—came up and dragged him off to see pots and pans. Poor little man. I was sorry for him."

His companion broke in "That's nothing," he says. "A man gave me his name yesterday. It was Smith, and he had an address in Wandsworth. I called at the house. It was raining hard. The woman said she knew nothing about it and advised me to go to No. 8 in the same street where there were some other Smiths. From eight I went to three, and from three to fifty-three and sixty-three. The tenants were all called Smith. It was still raining hard, but everyone was most interested. Then the woman in No. 5 came up and said she'd forgotten. It was for her friend Edie who had only just married a man called Smith. Her address was the first caravan on the right in the Amusement Park behind the public-house in Tooting Broadway. I went there and was told that Edith would not be back until the next day. Next day she was washing an old woman. 'Take a chair while I finish mother,' she said; and sure enough after three more interviews I signed her up. You see what comes of taking a stand at this Exhibition."

Those are a few of the glimpses behind the scenes which a few minutes will produce. Another

NES at the IDEAL HOME EXHIBITION

Stands which Provide Manufacturers with Their Year's Orders—The Adventures of an Insurance Salesman—Ideal Dinner Parties and Ideal (?) Guests Arranged by Distinguished Hostesses

By CHARLES GRAVES

garden presents an alluring springtime an excellent seller

angle on the Exhibition is provided by a glance at the catalogue of the first Ideal Home Exhibition, which was held in October 1908. The catalogue begins with a sentimental verse from "Home, Sweet Home." In the foreword is a reference to the many improvements in domestic appliances "which, if fully utilized, would reduce necessary domestic tasks by fully one half." I was only a preparatory school boy in 1908, but even I can remember how much work the servants at home had compared with to-day. "Houses of yesterday were often ill-planned," says the foreword patronizingly. "Furniture was heavy, cumbrous, and needed unceasing care; heating was arranged in the most wasteful and troublesome fashion, and the cooking was limited in variety." To-day we feel just the same about 1908 as 1908 felt about 1898, and in the same way in 1943 we will probably be sympathizing deeply with the housekeepers and servants of to-day. The more things change, the more labour-saving devices are invented.

Stall 1 in 1908 was draped with Irish lace curtains and made a show of pillow shams and duchess covers. Stall 2 specialized in duplex pin cushions, dragon blotting pads, and pillow lace-making materials. Lessons in lace-making were given. Who would have the time to take them now? I would love to see again the flannels, sweaters, golf coats, jerseys, and cardigans displayed in Stall 3. But probably the biggest change of all is in the heating and lighting section. The "ingenious appliances" which obviated chances of explosion twenty-five years ago would look both clumsy and dangerous in comparison with the chromium-plated products of to-day. *Papier poudré* seems to have been the sole forerunner of to-day's huge ranges of cosmetics. But visitors could have free tasting samples of banana bread, banana scones, and banana biscuits.

In 1908 the special feature of the Exhibition was a series of gramophone concerts, and they were considered very dashing, as also were the electric clocks. This year there are any number of special features. Besides the Village of Ideal Homes and the Gardens from Great Plays, you should certainly see the sky-scraper flat where the maximum freedom of floor space is obtained. Obviously you cannot have open grates in a sky-scraper, and so an electric fire is installed in the living-room, and the whole flat is equipped with the last word in wireless and sound reproduction, not to mention television sets. No fewer than nineteen different firms collaborated in the materials and fittings for the flat.

I did not see the Rooms of the Scientists, but the ideal dinner parties are a packet of fun. Lady Londonderry, Baroness d'Erlanger, Lady Portarlington, Lady Phyllis Allen, Lady Mount Temple, and Lady Pamela Smith have each arranged a dining-room, and with the exception of Baroness d'Erlanger have arranged a list of ideal (?) guests. I never realized before how the characters of hostesses are emphasized by their tastes in furniture and friends. Lady Mount Temple has designed a dinner-table in the most irritatingly modern style, and her guests include Sir Oswald Mosley. She has used modernized Victorian furniture (stripped and waxed), and I must say I do not like it at all.

Lady Portarlington identifies herself with walls coloured a faint green, old coloured prints, and lovely satinwood furniture. The Georgian silver and glass are as attractive as the lovely Irish lace mats on the Sheraton dining-table. The conversation would be admirable, too, with Noel Coward as one of the guests.

Lady Londonderry has gone all Gothic with a copy of one of the earliest bookcases of Florentine origin and Byzantine ikons on the walls. Her suggested guests are pretty Gothic, too, being nearly all of them dead.

Lady Pamela Smith, modernist that she is, has invited none but men to her party, though she is chaperoned by her brother, Lord Birkenhead. Otherwise she, too, has delved into the past for her ideal dining-room with furniture of the early German period, which would doubtless suit the conversation if my knowledge of history is correct.

LILAC TIME AT OLYMPIA: A garden scene reconstructed at the Ideal Home Exhibition in a setting remarkable for its appearance of real life permanence

Lady Phyllis Allen and Baroness d'Erlanger also seem to prefer the past to the present. Lady Phyllis's room has no hangings, but has a fine plaster ceiling of the time of Henry VIII. Her guests are a remarkable variety, including Bernard Shaw, Lady Brougham and Vaux, Lady Astor, and Frank Brangwyn.

In conclusion, advertisers in the Exhibition are prevented from doing all kinds of things which it would never occur to you to have missed. They are not allowed to erect any sign more than 4 yards high. They are not allowed any signs or devices which flash intermittently. No firm's name except that of an exhibitor may be displayed on a stand. No exhibitor may take down his stand or remove any part of his exhibits until the Exhibition is over. He may not attach any wires to the roof of Olympia, nor encroach on the gangways, nor have goods delivered or removed during exhibition hours. Nor may any exhibitor "give away or otherwise distribute, without the written consent of the organizers, any eatables, drinkables, or smokables." I must point out that the last word, like the rest of the sentence, is not mine. Indeed, it is not anybody's. Certainly no dictionary would admit to it.

I make no apology for referring to the "other side of the medal" at this or any exhibition or public spectacle. In these days of potted novels, tinned drama, canned vegetables, and standardized comfort too little attention is paid to the people who pot the novels, put the drama into tins of film, can the vegetables, and generally make life easy for us.

Imagine the thousands of shops, factories, and departmental stores, not to mention landscape gardeners, architects, and builders, we would have to visit to secure the ingredients of the ideal home if they were not all collected easily and comfortably for us by the *Daily Mail* in a charmingly accessible place like Olympia. It is for that reason that I, personally, am all in favour of standardization. It removes friction, expense, discomfort, and unnecessary exercise.

Go to Olympia and prove it to your own satisfaction. They are already preparing for next year's Exhibition.

MODERN IRONING: Olympia abounds in useful domestic gadgets, the delight of every housewife who visits the Exhibition. This assistant is demonstrating the time-saving advantages of a rotary ironer

LADY PAMELA SMITH'S CONCEPTION OF THE IDEAL DINING-ROOM: A pleasing room equipped with furniture of the early German period designed by Lord Birkenhead's talented sister. Lady Pamela, who gives a list of people whom she would invite to dine with her in this room, confines her guests to members of the male sex. She chooses her brother as chaperon

"HE WANTED ADVENTURE": Bobby Howes as Bobby Bramstone forgets that he has issued invitations to a party and arrives home long after his guests have appeared. He has been fishing and produces his catch

PLAYS: By PHILIP PAGE

The revival of Frederick Lonsdale's *On Approval* at the Strand came as a contrast to the series at that theatre of slap-dash farces.

And to me a welcome one. I like farces if they are good, and it was a good series. Mr. Leslie Henson and Mr. Sydney Howard, great comedians both, are among my chief favourites. Yet it was a relief to find for a while a reasonable number of doors in a room, and reasonable looking people coming in and out of them. Well-balanced and witty sentences come, too, as balm to the soul after dialogue of the "What you? My wife! Good Lord!" type.

On Approval is Lonsdale at his best, as was his latest play in which there was no falling off at all, save in ingenuity of casting. It is slight, but it is a gem, and a highly-polished gem at that. The tendency of the age is to sneer at polish and to declare that it connotes artificiality and, to mix the metaphor a bit, a smell of the lamp. It is, I think, a wrong tendency. The theatre is, by nature, an artificial institution, dependent more on conventions than on conventionalities. A slight touch of artificiality has been present in every great comedy from Sheridan to Wilde and, after Wilde, in the plays of Lonsdale and Somerset Maugham.

By this I do not mean that conversation should be impossibly stilted. One must change with the times, and here it is curious to note that the artificiality of Sheridan seems to us less forced than that of Wilde, in whose plays characters were given to sitting round like nigger minstrels and uttering epigrams in regular rote and according to plan.

But we do want in even the lightest of comedies to feel that the dialogue has not just been improvised and that there is a witty brain behind the puppets.

One happy result of this method, of which Mr. Lonsdale is a supreme exponent, is that remarks made on the stage are remembered, are chuckled over for long afterwards, and are hailed with delight when the play is revived. That is because wit is there, polished until no one would suspect it of having been evolved with care though not with difficulty.

The "natural" school despise the epigram because they declare that in real life people do not talk in epigrams. That is true up to a point. But the public does not pay 12s. 6d. a stall for the type of conversation they can hear for nothing. A play in which every sentence is an epigram, or as near as the author can get to one, is an agonising ordeal and usually the work of a novice, and an unpromising novice at that. Yet by all means let us have good remarks, which we can, as it were, take home in our pockets and show round afterwards (passing them off as one's own is not unknown) and not mere verbal facility.

Many plays by younger dramatists, at least one of whom is a genius by reason of his uncanny sense of the stage, are brilliant but ephemeral. There is plenty of fun in them but no wit. Easy chatter but nothing worth recalling.

Of such plays, even the best of them, I can usually remember people rolling on the floor, or singing half a song at the piano, or smashing a gramophone record and being very bright and young. But they are as the snows of yesteryear.

On Approval wears astonishingly well. Not for one second is there a creak in the perfect machinery. That is partly because the two chief characters are monumentally selfish, and selfishness, male or female, is not for an age but for all time, and changes its methods hardly at all.

The way this pair, the Duke of Bristol and Mrs. Wislack, are brought into contact, flaring and sparking like two electric rods, until the play ends with the prospect of their being weather-bound in a remote house in Scotland—"You need not lock your door," is the Duke's last word, "only the

DISCORD: Bobby Howes in somewhat unorthodox party dress listens to the discordant notes of the really musical Wylie Watson as Didcott the scoutmaster

BOREDOM: Bobby Howes overwhelmed by kindness longs for adventure. He gets it in full measure in the next act

"HE WANTED ADVENTURE": The Rollicking Comedy Melodrama at the Saville Theatre

Left: Bobby Howes now transformed into Captain Brimstone, his hard-swearing piratical ancestor, and a free-booter too big for his boots, astonishes his fellow pirates in a trial of strength with the ship's anchor. *Above:* Raymond Newell, the mate, enjoys a little dalliance with Marie Burke, the pride of the harem

A STUDY IN CHARACTER: A pastel by Mrs. H. Earl of Flora Robson, the brilliant actress who is having such a marked success with Paul Robeson in "All God's Chillun"

"On Approval" Wears Astonishingly Well — Frederick Lonsdale at His Best: "This One Man," a Muddled Play Redeemed by Its Third Degree Scenes — Alan Webb and Gillian Lind Distinguish Themselves

snow will want to get in"—is as masterly a thing as I have ever seen in the whole range of English comedy.

Mr. Ronald Squire is the duke, his old part. A cad, but with humour and a manner. The manner, of course, is everything. "It should be done with a manner," once said the late Sir Herbert Tree, "like dukes picking their teeth!" Mr. Squire picked, not his teeth, but his way through some difficult obstacles with great skill. I could draw up a list of at least a dozen excellent actors who would have made a dreadful mess of it.

Mr. Athole Stewart had not the monocled stupidity of Mr. Edmond Breon: but his version of the faithful sentimentalist was hardly less amusing.

The distaff side of the quartet was not quite so sure. Miss Isabel Jeans had an immense task in following Miss Ellis Jeffreys. Miss Jeffreys is incisive and matter-of-fact. Miss Jeans is languorously acid. The part seems to call so much for Miss Jeffrey's treatment. But Miss Jeans, though her intonation tended to slow down the pace, was cattily adorable and on many points she seized with brilliant skill.

Miss Agatha Carroll, the "good sort," was, like most of that species off the stage, on the colourless side.

The Embassy Theatre, under its present regime, has not yet produced a bad or wholly uninteresting play, nor is its latest effort, *This One Man*, a bad play. But it is uncomfortably far from being a good one.

Mr. Sidney Buchman, an American dramatist, appears to have written it after a prolonged study of *Jekyll and Hyde*, *The Corsican Brothers*, and half-a-dozen gangster plays. The result is just a muddle, with some very live shooting and third-degree scenes as redeeming features.

When Mr. Buchman moves in a mysterious way he *loses* his way. Possibly he has in his own head a clear conception of his meaning; but as he did not make that meaning clear, it is not necessary to dwell on the psychological, or, rather, the psychical side of his play.

He shows us twin brothers. That one twin is slim and profile-conscious, and about twenty-five, and the other plump and baldish, and about forty-five, may have been a fault of casting or it may have been put in to make it more difficult. The plump twin had no soul at all and the thin twin had too much, for in addition to his own he possessed that of his brother, which, in some unexplained way had "floated" into him. If, however, souls can indeed float, like human kidneys, here are awkward possibilities.

Mr. Thin never left Mr. Plump, even explaining that when he (Mr. T) was making love to Mr. P's pretty wife it was really Mr. P's soul speaking. The continual presence of Mr. T was awkward for Mr. P, since Mr. P was a bad man who rifled safes and shot people dead. Mr. T, when both were arrested, insisted on going to the electric chair for a crime Mr. P. had committed. When the execution had taken place Mr. P, who had been a brutal bully, sobbed on his wife's breast like a simple little child, and then looked upwards with a beautiful (as far as possible) and spiritual countenance.

For his brother, being dead, had given up not one soul but a couple, and the hitherto soulless Mr. P. was from that moment fully equipped.

Was the thin twin merely symbolic of Conscience? I really do not know. Does the author know?

As is the case with nearly everything seen at the Embassy, there was perfect production, with economy of means. And the acting of Mr. Ben Welden, magnificent in his satanic strength, of Mr. Alan Webb, and of that exquisite actress, Miss Gillian Lind was on a very high plane.

THE CALLER: Nigel Bruce, the stolid, calls on Gertrude Lawrence, the wayward wife. She grants a kiss for diplomatic reasons

LESLIE BANKS has a few words to say to his wife Jill, played by the irresistible Gertrude Lawrence. She attempts to show a momentary contrition

THE IRATE HUSBAND: Leslie Banks in no uncertain terms informs Hugh Wakefield, one of his wife's lovers, what he thinks of him

BREAKING UP THE HOME: Gertrude Lawrence, dissatisfied with her now suspicious husband, decides to leave—as usual, she has not forgotten to look her best

MARIE NEY: Another pastel by Mrs. Earl of the actress now playing the leading role in *The Lake*, the late Dorothy Massingham's drama of parochial intrigue now playing at the Westminster

"THIS INCONSTANCY": A Brilliant Act in an Amusing Play at Wyndham's

While the husband, Leslie Banks, concentrates on *The Evening Stanaard* his wife, Jill, complains of his inattention. The whimsicality of Jill as portrayed by Gertrude Lawrence is proving much to the taste of London audiences in this new play by John Hastings Turner and Roland Pertwee. The first act is particularly noteworthy, and on its merits alone should draw theatre goers to Wyndham's for some time to come

BOOKS

By CECIL ROBERTS

Of late there has been a fashion for our authors to write down their memories of childhood. This carries us a stage further back than the customary autobiographical novel with which authors begin their careers. It may be that one's reminiscences of childhood are just as much fiction as the novel itself. I have very few memories of childhood. I do not seem, on reflection, to be conscious of existence until fourteen or so, but then the events of my life began with such a tragic overture that it obliterated whatever memories of childhood had been recorded on the palimpsest of the child's mind. I am a little distrustful of these persons who have exact memories of the age of four and five.

Yesterday a very small boy of six caught me in the act of trimming my hedge. After regarding me silently for a few minutes he asked if I was the author. His next question was whether I made a lot of money writing books. "I suppose you are very rich," he said, gravely. He was visiting my neighbour, the doctor, and was a doctor's son himself from Newbury. Was all this an echo from my neighbour's conversation? It is alarming to find, even in a small boy's mind, that one has suddenly become rich. I stopped clipping, and began to wonder at what point of painful accumulation a man can consider himself rich. The previous week-end I had spent at a house that possesses a terrace a quarter of a mile long, an Italian cypress grove, a covered tennis court, and a heated swimming-pool. These were just oddments among assets of perfect hospitality. I believe my host would have been alarmed if someone had informed him, like my small boy, that he was a rich man, despite the possession also of a town house and a yacht in the Mediterranean. I have never met a man who was willing to confess that he was rich, and once, for a few heady weeks, I moved in an orbit of American millionaires.

My small visitor, having requested to see my house, which he had heard was "funny," was then taken over it. He expressed considerable approval, and I began to feel he might rent it at 6 guineas a week. He asked to go upstairs. In the large bedroom, with its twin beds, Aged Six asked me if I was married. When I replied in the negative he said, "Then who sleeps in the other bed?" I hustled the young man downstairs. And yet that question shows the very direct working of a child's mind. Doubtless at home his parents occupied twin beds. It was a logical question for Aged Six. Fifteen years hence, when preparatory school, public school, and 'varsity have worked their will on this receptive mind, how much of that keen inquisition to which I was subjected will be remembered by him? Will the "funny house" have grown funnier, its owner richer, or will they diminish in perspective?

A reading of Mr. Humbert Wolfe's excursion into his childhood, *Now a Stranger* (Cassell. 6s.), makes me think they will be augmented by the process of years. Mr. Wolfe achieves his reconstruction with vividness and, I feel, absolute verisimilitude. This book is something of a *tour-de-force* in the art of early recollection by reason of the fact that once only does the author depart from the strictly personal function. He writes of what he saw and felt. It is the testimony of an eye-witness of events that were extremely important at the moment, events whose fine edge and dramatic significance have not been diminished by time. The one departure from fact into imaginative speculation is charming, and the result creates the wish that Mr. Wolfe had allowed himself to digress from his purpose more often. But this would not have resulted in the faithful picture he set out to record, and has admirably succeeded in recording.

It has been said that one retains longer than any other the association of smells. That seems true in regard to the small Berto Wolfe, who lived at 2, Mount Royd, Bradford. "Does the adult know the sweet agony that comes with the hay-cocks? In vain Havana grows its most fantastic tobacco, the banks of the Rhine vainly educe the Steinberg Cabinet, and idly do the sturgeon die in Holy Russia. Nothing ever anywhere fulfils the palate, eases and surprises the soul, and so softly drills the nerve as that confidant of Persephone—the perfumé of the hay."

There is a note of tragedy in this joyous record of a sensitive and happy child. Mr. and Mrs. M., the German Jews, who have lived long in Bradford, and were so deeply entrenched in English life through forty years of exile from their native land, lived on into the strained, suspicious atmosphere of the Great War. "They were bewildered to find themselves exposed to suspicion and a certain hostility, but they plodded on, very much like the two figures in an old weather-gauge, wooden, the paint a little worn off their expressionless faces, but severely and unremittingly attending to their monotonous duty." Clearly they impressed young

THE SUBJECT OF ATTACK: The Emperor Napoleon whom Mr. Conal O'Riordan bitterly condemns in his new book, *Napoleon Passes*, published by Messrs. Arrowsmith

Berto. He follows them, this time imaginatively, though according to fact, down the flight of years until that sad day when the bereaved old woman carried her husband's ashes and dispersed them in the woods by the Strid, an old haunt of happiness. I said there was only one departure from actual experience in this delightful excursion into memory, but at the close Mr. Wolfe, touching tragedy and death in the family, gives us a glimpse of life through the eyes of Consola, the mother. She has brought home her husband, dead. In the nursery she looks on her children grouped about the fire in their black clothes, and is overwhelmed by the evidence of this domestic tragedy, but only for a moment. There is some paint on young Berto's suit. "Come," she said, "I will wash you," and thus motherhood resumes its task, and Berto disappears. This distillation of Mr. Humbert Wolfe's is fragrant yet acute. The world of the small boy is the world seen with a single eye. A man clipping a hedge, who writes books, who is reputed to be "rich," who lives in a "funny house," may have been created by hearsay, at least some part of him, but for the small boy who has listened there are no qualifications. Mr. Wolfe finds his young Berto "now a stranger," but in the days when Berto dwelt at Bradford the giants about him may have been remote, but since he never saw them in perspective they remain giants to this day.

I like the purpose that rings through every page of Mr. Conal O'Riordan's book, *Napoleon Passes* (Arrowsmith. 8s. 6d.). Briefly, this book might be described as Napoleon debunked, to borrow an American phrase. Mr. O'Riordan will have nothing to do with hero-worship. He regards Napoleon as a blackguard of the darkest dye. I entirely agree with him, and I am glad that at last the task of demolishing this superman, and hero of thousands of reasonable and decent people, has been undertaken by one whose scholarship is demonstrated on every page. But, alas! I wish Mr. O'Riordan would cultivate a better and more readable prose style. I found myself reading and re-reading passage after passage, and even then giving up the puzzle he presents. On page 55 there is a paragraph dealing with Wellington's appetite, or is it with Napoleon's? "There was no empty belly for Arthur Wellesley. Nor was he compelled to descend to the elaborate mystifications Lieutenant Bonaparte practised on Marshal de Segur and the French War Office, though I take the view, which Chateaubriand harshly counters, that he did actually suffer from constant ill health in his various garrisons." By all the rules of implication Mr. O'Riordan is here talking of Wellington, but half a page down it transpires that he meant Napoleon. The book abounds with this sort of thing and spoils some forceful and erudite writing. Mr. O'Riordan makes an original point with reference to the horrors of the French Revolution. He shows, for the first time I believe, that "it was the fatal facility of the guillotine, with its swift and merciful stroke, which made such wholesale death possible." In England the heavy work of the rope and the axe would have exhausted the sightseers with sheer brutality. But Napoleon put the French nation to deaths far worse, and more numerous than the revolutionaries. "Of the two million who fell by the order of Napoleon the greater number perished even less reasonably than the greater number of the few thousand on the scaffold. Robespierre's hands are snow-white compared with Napoleon's."

Mr. O'Riordan has submitted his scathing attack to a British General and an Admiral. Neither has

Mr. Humbert Wolfe's Excursion into the Fields of Early Recollection—a Joyous Record of a Sensitive and Happy Child: Mr. O'Riordan Paints Napoleon as a Blackguard of the Deepest Dye in a Terrific Onslaught on the Giant of History

been able to challenge his facts or deductions. It is a terrific onslaught on this giant of history, who has become a cult among thousands who would have been revolted by the low little knave in real life. "He developed a sort of giantism which imposed upon the world as greatness, much as a diseased monster tottering before the groundling at a fair is taken for a veritable Titan."

It is a significant fact that throughout his military campaigns he was rarely confronted by a general of the first rank, but that whenever this occurred he was defeated or compelled to retreat. I strongly recommend this book for anyone suffering from Napoleonitis, a disease that is most prevalent among those of peace-loving disposition, strange to say. I am glad to note that as an historian Mr. O'Riordan does not attempt to impose a false philosophy of life. We have suffered too long from the God's-in-his - heaven - all's - right - with - the - world - school. Apropos Fouché, Mr. O'Riordan says, "That this bloodiest of philosophical anarchists should have been honoured by all governments and died comfortably in his bed, laughs to scorn the validity of human justice." History, unhappily, is filled with examples of this invalidity.

Is there a town in the world so badly used as Basel? Everyone who goes to it stays in it just ten minutes, to eat in the restaurant buffet while waiting to catch a connection to somewhere else. The gateway to Switzerland, Italy and Germany, it is a great tourist exchange. I think I must have rushed through Basel a hundred times. One day, slightly ashamed of my treatment of the town, I decided to stay overnight and get my connection the following morning. I fear my desire to pay Basel a compliment was mistaken. As a town it deserves to be rushed through. It is a dismal, dull place, a typical centre of the excellent Swiss people, who are nevertheless the dullest race in Europe.

The history of this town should have made it distinguished. After all, it has seen the coronation of an Emperor, the elevation of a Pope, an imperial funeral and an imperial wedding. Holbein lived in it, and it was the chosen home of Erasmus. But all these events seem to have made no impression on the place which is dull, architecturally, and culturally. Mr. M. D. Hottinger in his excellent contribution to the Medieval Town Series, *The Stories of Basel, Berne and Zürich* (Dent. 5s.), does his best for Basel, but he cannot give it much interest or charm. Berne and Zürich on the other hand have natural beauty. Berne has the rich Bernese Oberland as its setting. Zürich with its lake is superb. It was the last home of the *Minnesang*, it saw the last Court of Love. Zwingli the Reformer made it a centre of new thought and activity. There are beauties in Basel, of course, but they have to be diligently sought for. Mr. Hottinger has supplied us with an excellent chatty guide. But he will not entice me to linger at Basel again.

Mr. Beverley Nichols has had the bright idea to make use of his failures in the theatre. He has collected together three unsuccessful plays, *The Stag*, *Avalanche*, and *When the Crash Comes*, and under the general title of *Failures* (Cape. 7s. 6d.) has published them. They are not the customary brilliant work one expects from this source, but the Nichols touch is never long absent. Clearly, as Mr. Nichols admits, they lack the dramatic sense, since they were written to convey ideas rather than to give amusement, but I am surprised that he should consider a six-weeks' run as the evidence of failure. Judging from some modern plays and their short duration, six weeks is a long life. I think the failure of *When the Crash Comes* might be attributed to the absolute impossibility of making Communism in this country credible for one moment, although Mr. Nichols surprisingly avows "that sooner or later the whole world will be forced to adopt the general principles of Communism."

We shall want a better recommendation than the modern plight of Russia, or the present evidence of its idea of justice, before Communism can be taken seriously here. I have a feeling its chance vanished for ever after the abortive General Strike. In his preface Mr. Nichols leads us down the garden path with his usual bright manner, and not all the flowers have wilted in his theatrical parterres.

I believe there are now three plays on Charlotte Brontë in the air, but I should like to see a production of Miss Rachel Ferguson's *Charlotte Brontë* (Benn. 3s. 6d.). It is good reading. Is this a fatal thing to say about a play after Mr. Nichols' warning?

Personalities in the Park

Lady Veronica Hornby and her husband, Mr. Anthony Hornby, in the Park with Lady Caroline Blackwood (Lady Hornby's niece) in her pram, and her nurse

Lady Caroline Blackwood, daughter of Lord and Lady Dufferin and Ava, in her pram in Hyde Park

Lord Kenlis, son of the Earl and Countess of Bective. He was born last year and revived the title which had remained dormant for fourteen years

Robin Francis Hill, son of Lady Francis Hill, and heir-presumptive to the Marquess of Downshire

Anne, the daughter of Lord and Lady Harcourt, waves a greeting to the photographer as she takes her morning outing in Hyde Park

Virginia Leigh, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Claude Leigh, enjoys the April sunshine

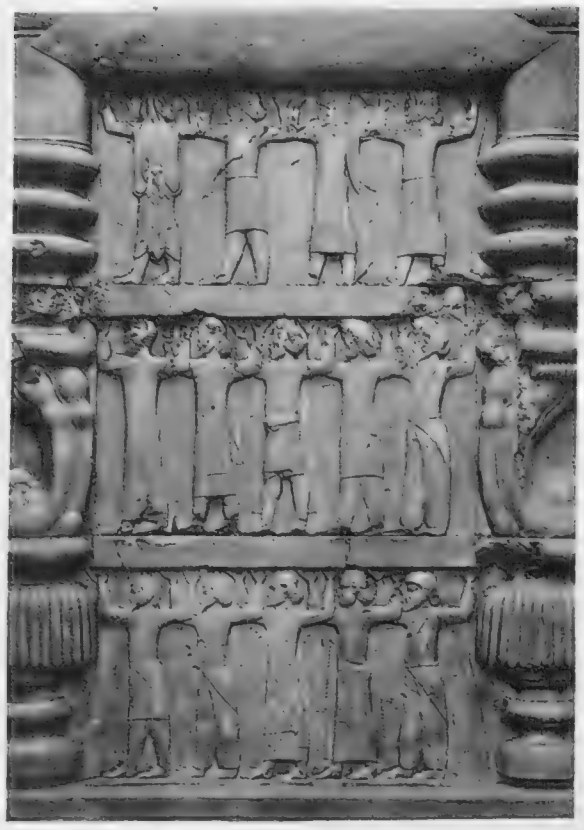
The Hon. Alan Leslie Melville, the young and charming son of Lord and Lady Leven and Melville

Elizabeth Carew-Pole takes the air with her new sister. They are the daughters of Sir John and Lady Carew-Pole

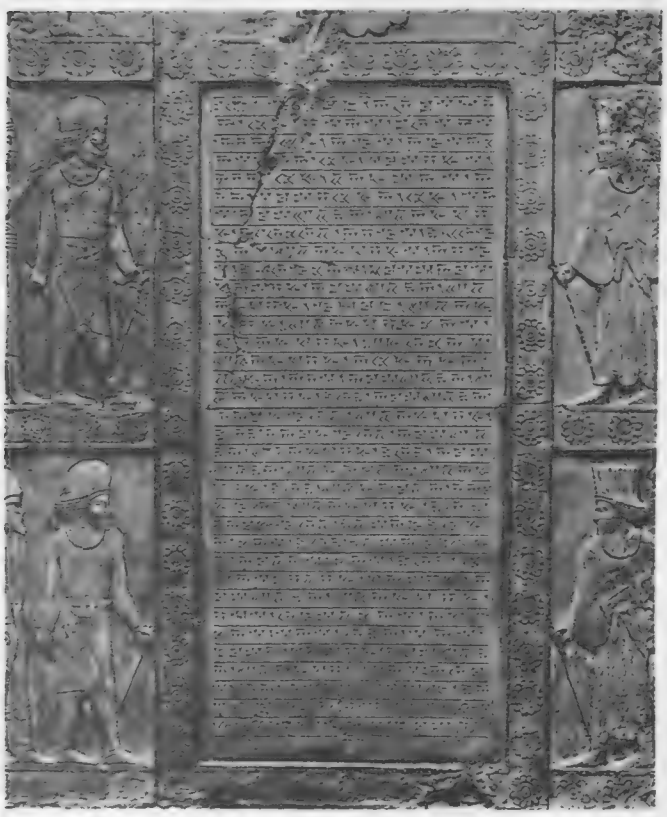
Pictures by Swaebe

Phillipa D'Eyncourt, daughter of Mrs. Tennyson D'Eyncourt, shows her toys to Caroline Hay, daughter of Lady Edward Hay

THE THRONE RELIEF: A Persian King, possibly Xerxes, is seen seated on a throne holding a sceptre and flowers, while an attendant stands behind him with a fly whisk



LOWER PART OF THE RELIEF: The platform in the design of a chair with lions' legs supporting the relief. The figures represent the subject nations



FROM THE PALACE OF DARIUS: A cast of one of the reliefs decorating the double stairway on the south-west side of the Palace. The central inscription is written in praise of Artaxerxes III

THE KING STABS A MONSTER: From the inside of a doorway in Darius' Palace. The strange monster is a type borrowed from Assyrian art

STAIRWAY RELIEF DESIGNED DURING THE REIGN OF ARTAXERXES III: The left-hand panel on the stairway of Darius' Palace. The theme of the lion and the bull is derived from early Sumerian art. All the casts shown on this page are the result of the 1891 Expedition to Persepolis, and are now deposited in the British Museum

PERSEPOLIS

In the British Museum

Very great interest has been aroused in archæological circles concerning the work of the American Expedition now occupied in clearing the great palace platform at Persepolis. The various palace buildings stand on built-up platforms, and in clearing the debris of rocky fragments and desiccated walls a considerable number of well-frescoed wall sculptures has been revealed. Some of these reliefs repeat themselves with very small variations, and some motifs now being cleared were familiar to archæologists before the beginning of the century.

In view of the present expedition's activities it is of considerable interest to record here the work of Sir Cecil Harcourt Smith, who in 1887 visited Persia at the instigation of the British Museum Trustees. The casts illustrated on this page were taken from moulds by an expedition which went out to Persepolis four years later and, on their arrival in England, were installed in a studio in the Fulham Road. Here the work of casting was completed during 1892 and 1893. Some of the casts were acquired by the Louvre and other National Institutions on the Continent and in America, while Lord Savile presented a complete set to the British Museum. Perhaps the most outstanding of the casts is the throne relief. This decorates the interior of a doorway on the south side of the Hall of the Hundred Columns.

Here the king, possibly Xerxes, is seated on a throne holding a sceptre and flowers, while an attendant stands behind him with a fly whisk and a cloth. Above him is spread an embroidered canopy with two registers, the upper one of bulls and the lower one of lions, which face towards winged discs in the centre.

On the south-west side of the Palace of Darius the 1891 expedition was particularly fortunate in its work, the decorated façade of a double stairway built, as the inscriptions on the central slab show, during the reign of Artaxerxes III, revealing some priceless examples of Persian sculpture and valuable historical information. Here the main rectangle is divided into four sculptured panels representing groups of the king's subjects being led forward with presents and offerings by a court official. The central inscription is in old Persian and is a highly entertaining but hardly modest account by Artaxerxes III of his own magnificence. It reads as follows:—

"A great god is Ahuramazda, who created this earth, who created yonder heaven, who created man, who created delight for man, who made me, Artaxerxes, king, the one king of many, the one master of many. Thus saith Artaxerxes, the Great King, the king of kings, the king of lands, the king of this earth. I am the son of King Artaxerxes (II). Artaxerxes was the son of King Darius (II). Darius was the son of King Artaxerxes (I). Artaxerxes was the son of King Xerxes. Xerxes was the son of King Darius (I). Darius was the son of Vishtaspa (Hystaspes). Vishtaspa was the son of Arshama, an Achæmenid. Thus saith the King Artaxerxes: 'This stone terrace have I built for myself.' Thus saith the King Artaxerxes: 'Me may Ahuramazda and the god Mithras protect, and this land, and what I have built.'"

Another striking relief comes from the inside of a doorway on the south-west side of the palace. Here the Persian King is seen stabbing a monster, a type borrowed from Assyrian art, possessing the body, neck, and forelegs of a lion, a bull's horn, the legs of an eagle, and the tail of a scorpion. His obvious mastery of the beast reflects the prowess of the king as much as the inscription does on the double stairway. It is one of the finest and most picturesque reliefs of a series which is thoroughly well worth seeing. To the student of history they throw a light upon a period which was as interesting in its magnificence and splendour as it was picturesque in its distinctive and highly descriptive art form.

"GRAND SLAM": Hollywood's Contract Bridge Comedy

BRIDGE LOVERS: Paul Lukas and Loretta Young in the new Warner Brothers' film—a delightful burlesque on American contract bridge methods

SEVEN SPADES: Paul Lukas (right) is drawn into a game of bridge with the guests upon whom he has been waiting and starts off by calling a grand slam against Van Dorn (Ferdinand Gottschalk), the American champion. He makes his contract and is hailed immediately as a master player

FAMILY BRIDGE: The heroine's relations tell Paul Lukas to take a little more interest in the game. A portrayal of family bridge at its worst

THE STANISLAVSKY SYSTEM: Paul Lukas and Loretta Young tour the country as "America's Bridge Sweethearts," explaining their new system, one of the main advantages of which is that its simplicity makes for marital bliss. "You were quite right, darling, to play the ace"

TOURING THE COUNTRY: The system has become so profitable that the "Bridge Sweethearts" can now afford the luxury of air travel. Only when they begin to take the game really seriously do the couple quarrel

THE CLIMAX: Loretta Young comes to her husband's aid when he is 1,700 points down in a needle match with Van Dorn. By becoming his partner she helps him to win an exciting last minute victory

MARION DORN'S DÉCOR

I know no more delightful spot in London than the home of Marion Dorn, perched among the clouds (in the manner, almost, of a New York apartment) in one of London's newest blocks of flats. Whenever I go there, I feel transplanted to some more fortunate climate: to Southern Italy, California, Morocco. And this is no mere accident of light, since I visited other flats on the same floor without experiencing any similar sensation. "A good modern room," said a good modern decorator, "is no mere matter of chairs and tables; it is a matter of the *spirit*" (French, esprit). And it is indeed the *spirit* behind these rooms which is responsible for a certain, almost dazzling, vitality which distinguishes them. Marion Dorn is probably England's most outstanding designer of modern rugs. And it is interesting, that what one might call the intense colour-vibration of her large studio living-room has been achieved, so to speak, without colour. She now favours neutral shades in her rugs and curtains, stressing mainly texture and design. Such neutral shades, she feels, are less likely to tire the householder, and do not bind him to any permanent scheme. The room shown here (top and lower pictures) is brown and white throughout, but the browns are specially dyed to her order. Rarely, Mrs. Dorn tells me, can she find an agreeable colour in the market. The centre picture shows a music-room with rug by Marion Dorn.—D. T.

The walls of the studio living room are white plaster — real white, not cream. The furniture is painted white, and the large hand-printed (resist process) curtain at the far end of the room is nigger brown on cream. White organdie curtains frame the near window. The armchair and small stool are covered in brown and white rough woollen materials

ORDER

AFOOT and ASTRIDE

The day of dull woollies and heavy tweeds is over. In the photograph above is shown a lightweight Hawico pullover for sports wear. In pure Botany wool, it is made in thirty-eight colours, with a white-ribbed collar and deep-fitted cuffs. If you have any difficulty in obtaining Hawico pullovers, write to "Hawico," 168, Regent Street, London. The cardigan on the right is in a crowsfoot Jacquard design edged with striped bands. Of the finest Botany wool, it is available in twenty-eight shades, and can be worn with or without a scarf

Never has hacking been more popular than it is at the present time. Those who are troubled by the thought of the preliminary expenses will be interested in the Jodhpurs illustrated on the right of this page. Made by the Bedford Riding Breeches Company, 19, New Quebec Street, they cost 23s. and can be made in any material at varying prices. The breeches are splendidly tailored by experts in this particular art, and the cut is impeccable. They may be obtained in Bedford cord or tweed for 21s. or in any selected fabric at a correspondingly low cost

Photograph by Peter North

THE AIRSHIP?

Its Future Discussed

By C. PATRICK THOMPSON

"Most people seem to think that the airship-versus-aeroplane controversy will be settled by engineering or commercial criteria. But they are wrong. It will be settled by factors of weather science about which we know to-day practically nothing."

I find this note of a talk with Sir Sefton Brancker in my diary. We were having a cocktail together in the smoke-room of the Royal Albion Hotel at Brighton. Brancker had just returned from Egypt via Italy, by aeroplane naturally, and was waiting for Alan Cobham. In five days he was off to India with Lord Thomson in the new British airship, *R 101*. And I had mentioned a talk I had with Burney about the future of airships (none of the doubts that airship builder later expressed in his book about airships and the future appeared then to have formed in his mind) and asked Brancker if he agreed with Burney, the Eckener experts, and Lord Thomson.

Burney thought then that for long-distance work the aeroplane had no chance against the airship. Eckener's chief expert had just said of the *R 101*: "This is the safest conveyance in the world, on land, or sea, or in the air." And Lord Thomson had added: "We have produced two almost unbreakable airships in any foreseeable weather conditions . . ."

Brancker, Thomson, the crew of the *R 101*, and two-thirds of Britain's airship, scientific, and administrative staff crashed with the *R 101*. They lie in a grave at Cardington. The cream of America's airship men crashed with the *Akron*, and all except three lie on the bed of the Atlantic ocean. The *Akron* crash only repeats the history of the *R 101* crash, which repeated the history of the *R 38* and the *Shenandoah*, which in turn repeated the history of so many of their predecessors.

Brancker was right. He hit the nail exactly on the head. If the break-up of the *Akron* in an electrical storm proves anything, it is that no man living knows enough about airships and their probable behaviour in all weathers to say decisively: "We can be certain about this one in any weather."

Dr. Eckener, who now gallantly reaffirms his faith in airships, comes nearest to being the traditional exception. He has been flying in airships since the first clumsy Zeppelins were made, and he has never had a crash. He has navigated the *Graf Zeppelin* triumphantly through two stupendous long-distance flights, brought his ship home, and safely landed his passengers. It is possible that if he had been in charge of the *Akron* or the *R 101*, neither of those ships would have crashed. But this is no reflection on the men who did command them. There is only one Eckener, just as there was only one Scott, one Amundsen. He has grown old in airships. He has an instinct for them. He can smell a storm, and slip around it in time. And he is not under the obligation of making a flight when he feels in his bones, if not from the weather reports, that he should not risk it just then. He has taken the *Graf Zeppelin* out when it suited him and her. We do not know what might happen to her, or to him, if they both got caught in such a storm as wrecked the *Akron*. We do not know how the *Graf Zeppelin* would behave if it got caught in some such vertical air currents as caught the Everest flyers and nearly banged their machines down on the mountain peaks.

The British were urged to build bigger ships than the *R 101*. Both Burney and Eckener said it was too small. If they were built bigger they would be all right. The Americans built bigger. They built the *Akron*. The airship experts can scarcely now suggest that the *Akron* was not big enough—that to be safe airships should be bigger even than that monster!

It may well be that there will be no more airships built now until some new material is discovered at once stronger and lighter than anything we know to-day. Britain wisely abandoned her airship experiments after the *R 101* crash, and concentrated on developing long-range aeroplanes of the largest size. The Germans are more hopeful of developments from their *Do X* than they are of developments from the Eckener-Zeppelin airship, excellent propaganda vessel as the latter has been. America is going to build no more big airships. Her original building policy was dictated by the same strategical factors which made her build enormous long-range battleships—the idea of having to wage a naval war 4,000 miles from her home bases. We may now expect a diversion of effort to long-range giant airplanes, in the British manner. France and Japan can do little by themselves. Neither is technically equipped to build airships on the *R 101* and *Akron* scale, still less to undertake the costly big-scale experiments necessary to improve upon these vulnerable monsters. The few airships that are left look rather like those old battleships which are kept in commission because their owners do not like to scrap them, and they may be some use in a war anyway.

On the commercial side it is pretty clear that the public mind on both sides of the Atlantic is now impressed with the idea that all-weather airship travel is something fraught with perils which are all the more sinister because so mysterious, sudden, and unexpected. After all, airships have a purpose. That purpose is to provide a vehicle of transportation which is faster than steamship and railway, and of large carrying capacity. Can the airplane fill this gap?

(Continued in last column)

GENOA: A view of the harbour from Villa Mylius

THE LIGURIAN RIVIERA

And the Beauties of Genoa

Besides being the first port of Italy, Genoa is also a town of indescribable beauty and of great artistic interest. Its trade and commerce have made it famous thoroughout the world as the great emporium through which passes the majority of Italy's commercial exchanges with other Mediterranean and overseas countries, but it would be invidious not to mention those claims to beauty which are always such an attraction to tourists. The town almost resembles an amphitheatre stretching around its port and built upon the sides of the surrounding hills.

SANTA MARGHERITA: The beautiful sea bathing resort on the Gulf of Rapallo, some 15 miles from Genoa

Genoa can satisfy every taste. In the centre of the town are situated splendid fifteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth century palaces. The old streets are narrow but picturesque and everywhere, in the churches, museums and palaces are works of art which raise the town to the level of the most celebrated art cities.

Genoa is an example of modern enterprise, especially of a maritime nature and worthy of the most important Mediterranean ports. The individual taste of each visitor can be satisfied by the ancient works of art, splendid panoramas, places of entertainment, magnificent shops and hotels.

Of all the beautiful stretches of coast in Italy, there is perhaps none so attractive as the Ligurian Riviera, as the neighbourhood of Genoa is called. To the east and within easy reach of Genoa lies Rapallo, a pretty seaside and health resort only eighteen miles from Genoa and at the foot of the Apennines on the shores of the Gulf of Tigullio. It offers all the conveniences of a large town with beautiful walks and surroundings.

Half-an-hour's walk takes the enchanted visitor to the "Pearl of Tigullio"—Santa Margherita and Portofino Cape. It is an ideal spot for painters and Nature lovers with its olive groves and lovely woods.

PORTOFINO: A lovely Ligurian coastal village on the Gulf of Genoa

THE JEW TO-DAY

(Continued from page 83)

And slowly I began to realize that nowhere in the world—unless, perhaps, it is in New York—is the Jew, the "visitor," as Hitler calls him, so at home as in London. There, as Mr. James Jones has so vividly described it, "the Jews have a London of their own."

I traversed all the roads that J. Jones took on his memorable pilgrimage. That queer little place in Thrawl Street where men passionately argue over the pages of the Talmud; Beth Din, that exotic court where five days a week the Rabbis sit to adjudge between Jew and Jew on matters which may range from cases of serious commercial interest to small domestic infelicities—a court encouraged by the English legal authorities because it relieves the London police court, the County Court, and the High Court of arriving at decisions in matters which the Gentile would find it hard to understand.

I walked through Wentworth Market, where stout Oriental women bargained for the morrow's food. I watched myriads of children skipping with bare shins and on feet which undoubtedly belonged to Judah. I sat in a Jewish café in the Whitechapel Road, and drank coffee and ate sweet cakes and looked out on the warm English Spring sunshine while a most unmitigated British policeman watched with a kindly smile the comings and goings of a Jewish world passing by.

And though it was here in London, this Jewish world was afar off. No doubt at the moment its people were feeling suspicious. Jewry in London, from Aldgate Pump to Poplar, sullen under the assaults of Hitler, is a sealed book.

So I hied me to Tavistock Square, where at the cost of £75,000 the Jews have built themselves a brick and marble palace in which are housed such varying institutions as the Jewish Library, the Jewish School—where the Rabbis come from—and the Board of Deputies of British Jews.

Now the Board of Deputies of British Jews is in reality the Jewish Parliament. It sits ten times a year and there are deputies from 500 Jewish centres in Great Britain. There it discusses matters—this according to the annual report—such as "disused cemeteries" down to "Shechita."

Now the latter is very important and brings us back with a sharp turn to Hitler. For when Hitler attacked the Jewish method of slaughtering animals, he was, however inhuman his methods, appealing to the feelings of humanity. If you study the report of the Board of Deputies of British Jews for 1932, you will see that its members are not unalive to the dangers which arise in that respect.

Even the R.S.P.C.A., though it has considered the matter, hesitates to go too far. They feel that they might be interfering with religious rights.

Why should the Jews be allowed to continue to slaughter animals—indeed, enjoy special privileges for the slaughter of dumb animals—by methods which the Gentile world has declared to be inhumane? It was clever of Hitler to raise this point. It is, indeed, quite conceivable that he has raised an issue which will place the claims of the Jews to international asylum in an entirely new light. But one thing is certain. The orthodox Jews of the world will remain vegetarian rather than give way. This may be a mechanical age and a generation seeking peace; but to the Jew, whether in peace or war, there remains only one law—the law of the Talmud, the law of Moses. These Jews indeed present an enigma. In the company of a young Rabbi I went into the Great Tabernacle, which is the cathedral of the Jews in London. I wore no hat, so he said to me: "Please hold your hand upon your head to cover it." I did so.

So I went back to the Law of Moses.

But the greatest pride of the young Rabbi in the Great Tabernacle were two standards which had been borne by Jewish battalions in the advance of the British troops in Palestine.

Will the world ever understand the Jew? I doubt it.

THE AIRSHIP?—continued

In Britain, America, Germany, and France, minds have cut deeply into the problem of producing airplanes to beat the airship in its own field of long-range and weight-carrying capacity. The *Bremen*, in which Koehl, Fitzmaurice, and von Huenfeld made the first east-to-west crossing of the Atlantic, already looks like a museum piece where it hangs under the lofty roof of the Grand Central Station in New York. In another year even the wonderful R.A.F. non-stop flight to South Africa, and Mollison's light aeroplane flip to South America will be as outdated as the *Question Mark's* non-stop flight from Paris to New York. Junkers and Dornier, Louis Breguet, and Igor Sikorsky are feeling their way towards still bigger machines for trans-continental and trans-oceanic work. The British designers have made immense strides and to-day probably lead the world in this field. Mr. G. R. Fairey expects to see airplanes travelling 8,000 miles non-stop inside ten years.

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THE PETROL WORLD

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands; Special Motoring Correspondent of "The Sphere")

THE ORDER OF THE ROAD.—Motoring in this country has many problems connected with it, but there is none that causes right-thinking drivers more concern than that of how to reduce the number of road accidents. I refuse to believe that the number of road fatalities is abnormal, but I do confess that many of the accidents which take place could quite easily be avoided. There is in existence a motoring organization called the Order of the Road, and a few words concerning it would not be out of place, though I would like my readers to know that I am biased in its favour as I am a member of the executive committee, and was also one who was lucky enough to take a small part in its inauguration.

Briefly, the Order was started with the object of enrolling all drivers who had a clean and blameless record, at least during the three years previous to the time of making their application for membership. It was hoped that the example set by these members would inspire others to imitate and eventually become members themselves. The scheme has worked very well, and the Order recently celebrated its fifth birthday at a luncheon given at the Savoy Hotel, London. The chairman, Lieut.-Colonel J. T. C. Moore-Brabazon, M.C., M.P., very proudly pointed out that H.R.H. the Prince of Wales and H.R.H. the Duke of York were both members, and the Order are obviously very proud of having two such distinguished members. I would like to point out that their names have not just been added as patrons or vice-presidents, but as members whose motoring records entitle them to membership.

FOR THE BENEFIT OF ALL.—The Order of the Road has no connection, so to speak, with any other firm. It is run by motorists for the benefit of all road users; its machinery is not clogged by, or its activities slowed down by, a huge cumbersome committee or collection of officials. It is governed and conducted by the following well-known motorists: Lieut.-Colonel J. T. C. Moore-Brabazon, the Earl of Cottenham, the Hon. Sir Arthur Stanley, Professor A. M. Low, Mr. K. Lee Guinness, the Earl of Brecknock, and myself, whilst Major F. H. Bale acts as honorary secretary and treasurer. Motorists have to produce evidence that they have a clean record for three years, and that they are active motorists having driven at least 10,000 miles in the same period. Applicants have also to affirm that they will carry out to the best of their ability certain driving courtesies, and the annual subscription is the small sum of 10s. A badge is used on payment of a further small sum, but the committee, unlike that of many other motoring organizations, keep a very careful eye on that badge. Every twelve months a member has to seek re-election, and unless he can show that his record is still unsullied he will find that he is no longer on the membership roll. The Order takes the greatest pride in the fact that it has turned down numerous applications for membership and has cancelled the membership of many who have, as it were, blotted their copy book.

Not only do members have the proud distinction of carrying the handsome badge of the Order, but certain insurance companies will reward them financially by giving a 10 per cent. reduction on their insurance premium, over and above any no-claim bonus which they would be entitled to in the ordinary way. Owing to the exclusiveness of membership, the Order obviously has no desire to advertise for members, the number of whom has increased satisfactorily from year to year; but the committee feel that the total membership, which is just over 2,000 at the moment, is really ridiculously small and cannot represent the sum total of all the careful, courteous drivers that motor on the roads to-day.

In view of the terrible number of accidents which do take place on the roads, I think it is the duty of every skilful and careful driver to join and thus set an example to others. The address of the secretary is Donington House, Norfolk Street, London, W.C.2.

FOR A MODEST PURSE.—In these days of financial stress, people who previously could afford the most expensive and the most luxurious cars are now in many cases looking round for a vehicle which is cheap to run, cheap to purchase, reliable, and yet distinctive and, I might say, luxurious. There are several excellent chassis which may be considered as fulfilling this ideal, but it is not always possible to have a body mounted on them that will give that little extra touch which this particular class of motorist desires to possess. With a view to meeting this demand a new Baby Coupé de Ville, modelled on Parisian lines, has been mounted on a 10-h.p. Lanchester chassis. In outward appearance it resembles a luxury limousine, the driver being seated in a compartment separate from the passengers. No efforts have been spared to make the complete car a thing of beauty and sumptuousness.

When this vehicle was recently introduced, and the firm responsible is Bruce and Company of 53 and 54, Haymarket, London, S.W.1, it met with a very hearty reception from those who were privileged to see it. It does not need any words of mine to familiarize my readers with the merits of the 10-h.p. Lanchester; but I would state that this car is fitted with the well-known Daimler fluid fly-wheel and self-changing gear-box. It is a thoroughbred in its class, and the new body is in keeping with the chassis. I might also mention that another attraction of this special Coupé de Ville is that it occupies less space on the road and can, therefore, slip through congested traffic more easily than a larger car. The price is just under £500, so that it is within the reach of a very large number of motorists.

THE R.A.C. CARAVAN RALLY.—The Royal Automobile Club have issued the regulations for their Caravan Rally which will be held on the Cheltenham Racecourse on May 12 and 13. The fact that the R.A.C. have undertaken the organization of this rally, which last year was held under the auspices of the *Autocar*, shows that the motor caravan has now become so popular that the controlling body of motoring sport is the only fit organization to deal with this type of rally. Every year the number of caravans in use increases, and this popularity is largely due to Eccles Motor Caravans, Limited, who have studied the needs of motorists and have given them what they require.

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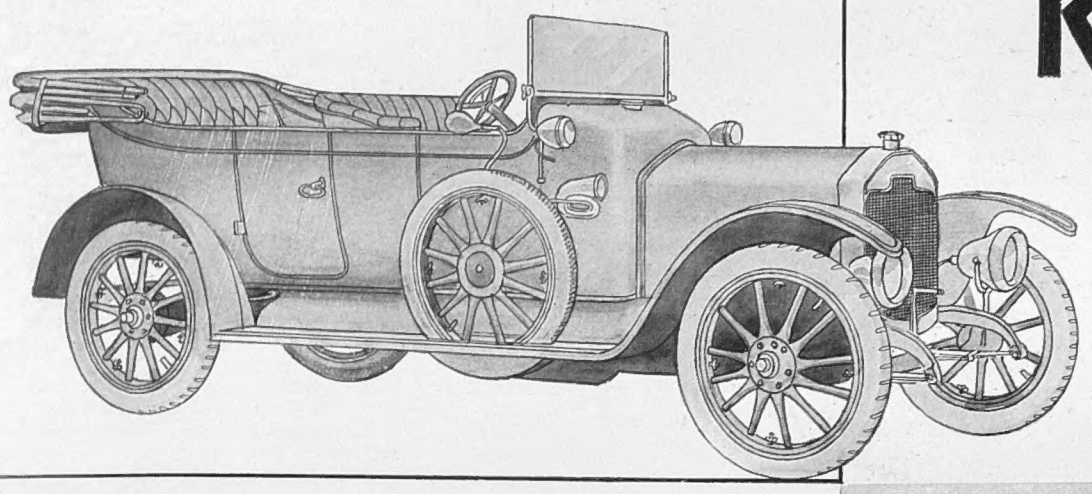

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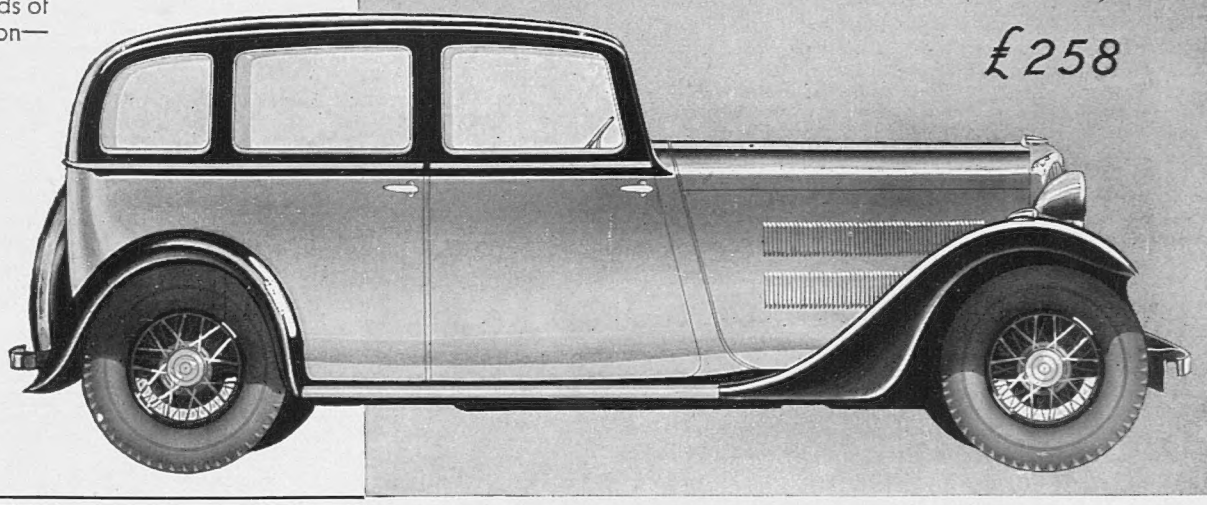

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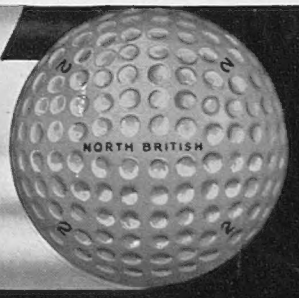

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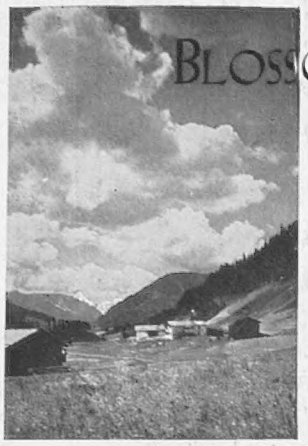
BLOSSOM TIME IN SWITZERLAND



Snow-capped mountains bathed in sunlight

The crocus welcomes Springtime on a Swiss hillside

About the middle of May comes the flowering of the narcissus at Les Avants above Montreux. It may be cold, so cold that snow showers drift over the higher slopes about the village, yet the narcissi flower. One week the great slopes above the Chauderon valley are green, the next pale, here and there with opening blossoms, the next white with the indescribable whiteness of acres of narcissi in bloom, the next green again with all the glory vanished, that ethereal glory that must, it seems, have been lifted like a sunlit mist from the slopes and taken up into the sky. Not for it, reflects the adoring and mistaken tourist, can be the dismal end of faded petals and the peasant's scythe.

Early in May, wandering down to Chambéry, the tourist does not believe in the narcissus. How can he, in so green and gold a world? The early sunlight is clear gold on the May snows of the Dents du Midi across the hidden trough of the Rhône; the Lake of Geneva is green far below, an opaque green floated upon by indigo cloud shadows; the wide hollow of Les Avants behind is green right up to the skyline with forest and the thick, lush, herbage that the peasants are already beginning to cut for hay. Yet by the second or third week in May the narcissi are out, racing the advancing scythes, drawing from who knows what hidden storehouse their most delicate whiteness, and their scent that drifts far on the lightest stir ofair, and that lies in still weather, invisible yet palpable as mist, above the miles of blossom, from Les Avants, and the Pléiades, to beyond the Col de Jaman, and all along the valley of the Sarine through La Tine to Château d'Oex.

Far off at Lausanne they know by the changed tint of the slopes above Vevey when the narcissi flower. Then come the pickers in their hundreds gathering bundles of buds and flowers, basketfuls of them, stacks of them, and they stick flowers behind their ears and tie them on their bicycles, and fill their cars with them and abandon themselves to a kind of narcissi orgy as if the heady scent bemused them. Indeed, there comes a time when the mere joy of picking obsesses the pickers; the May sun shines on the masses of blossom so that as the hand sinks in among the luscious stems they are warm; the sweet, strong scent fills the air; the sound of cowbells comes up from the valley, faint and musical as distant streams, and the pickers scramble and slither up to Sonloup on slopes so steep that they must crawl, and breathe deep and deeper of flowery enchantment.

The Swiss farmers do not like the narcissus. They steadily cut swathe after swathe of blossom as their scythes shave the flowery slopes, for when dried the petals do not spoil the hay. After May 15 cows pass in procession, the foremost crowned with a flowery wreath, up through Les Avants to the summer pasture, the Alp of Jor. Now, high on Sonloup, beneath the flowering cherry trees, the green narcissus buds are at last in flower; beyond the Col de Jaman fools parsley, waist high, and meadow flowers — red, gold, blue, and purple, fill the air with honey scents along the Sarine; a haze of heat gathers daily over the distant lake; the crests of the Savoy Alps, seen through the spiry tops of the Cubly fir woods, grow less and less snowy; yet all about Les Avants, save for the little mown patches, still are the narcissi, full of light and scent. And then they are gone, suddenly, and the great hollow is green again, and the sound of cowbells, now that the herds are all up on the Alps, fills it night and day.

SPRINGTIME IN SWITZERLAND—A valley of blossoms

PARIS ENJOYS HER CAUSE CÉLÈBRE

(*Continued from p.* 88)

it was Picard who went to M. Chiappe himself. What had happened, perhaps been arranged in the interim, over that dying and, later, dead body? That is the secret which makes this an affaire ténébreuse. Statements made in the first instance have been found to disagree—one witness with another—and several have been corrected. Particularly, times have got all mixed; when such and such a thing happened. Hence the widespread suspicion that something decisive is being hushed up. Two of Germaine's loaded revolvers were left on the mantelpiece by her friends, when Germaine herself was left alone with the body pending the arrival of the police. Was that an invitation?

The reconstruction of the shooting in the bedroom did not bring anything. During it the accused twice fainted in the arms of her celebrated counsel, Moro-Giafferri, who will make the sparks fly at the assizes.

It seems that Germaine had twice latterly attempted or simulated suicide at Marseilles, and that Causeret was anxious to be quit of a dangerous liaison threatening to hold up his meteoric career. Was that the motive of the shooting? Everything now hinges on motive. That *is* the story; that makes the cause—I had almost said causeret—célèbre. In fact, I have said it.

Many, including Daudet, pooh-pooh the jealousy "alibi," insisting on premeditation. Some go as far as to say that the shooting was done by a third party. The accident theory has been negatived by Doctor Paul. Daudet prints terrible charges against the dead; I could not repeat them here, other publicists arraign the police. And then there is the tale, chapter and verse, of how Germaine was to get commission for wangling the erection of cement works against the will of the natives at Cassis, near Marseilles, and how she was done out of her share which (allegedly) fell to Causeret, who put the deal through as local Prefect, and so the shooting. One can believe nothing—and everything. I have sifted so much that I only know no other city could produce such a tangled skein.

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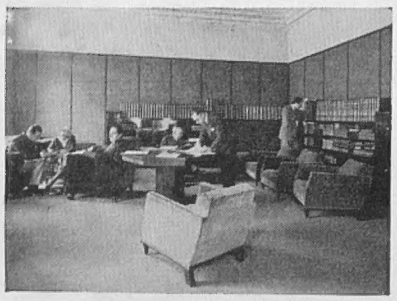

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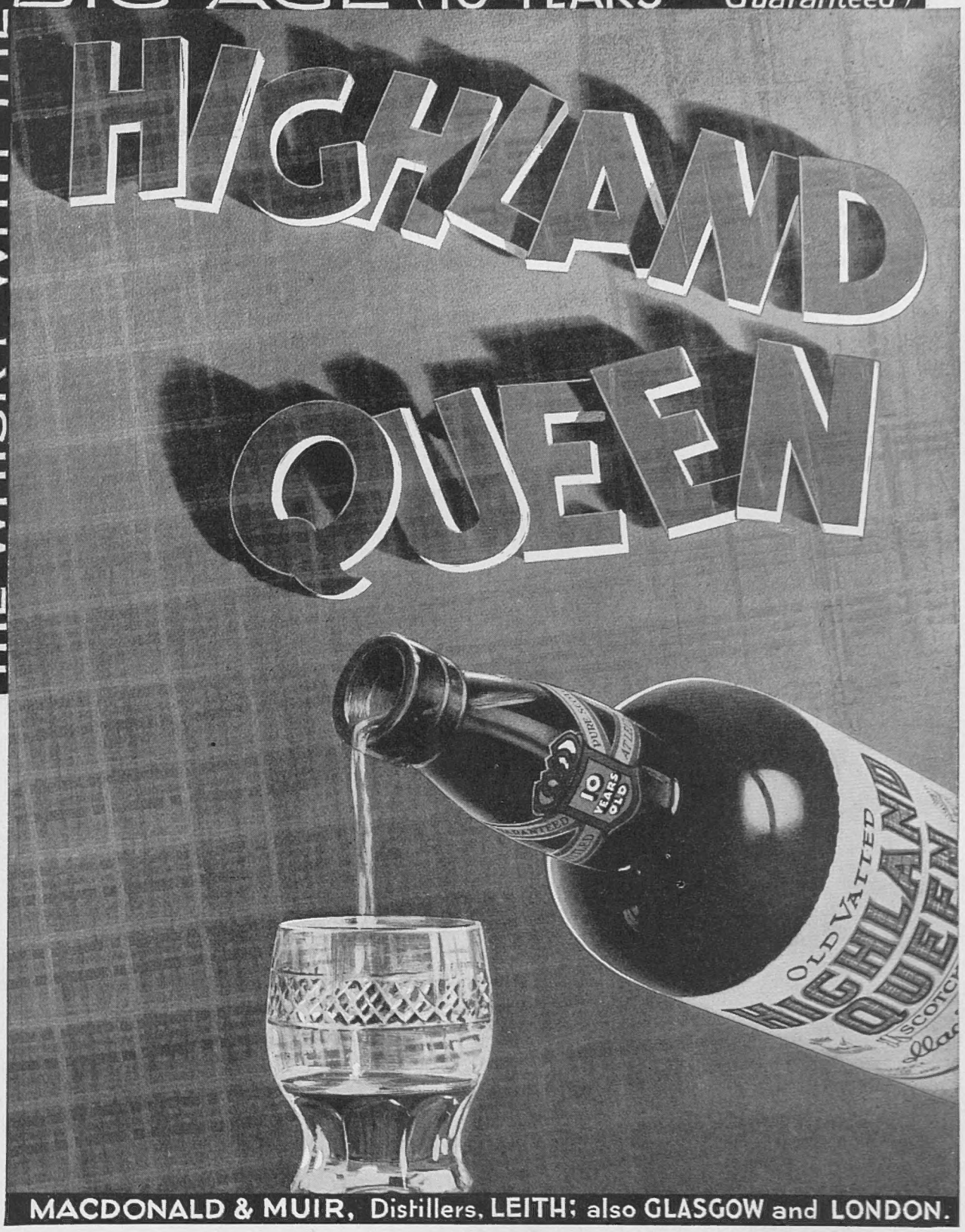

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